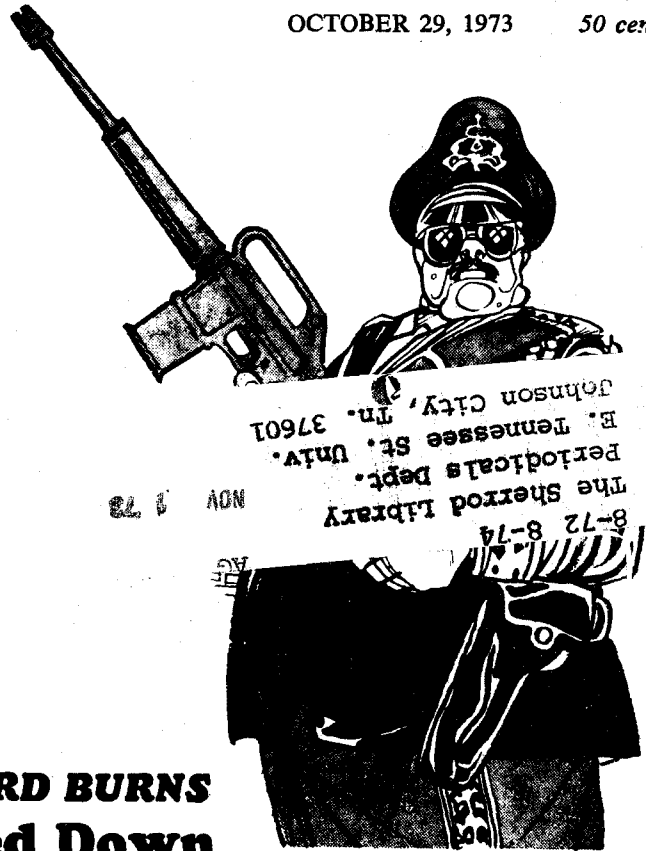


SOLAR ENERGY KARL KEYERLEBER

THE NATION

OCTOBER 29, 1973

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E. BRADFORD BURNS
Reform Gunned Down
TRUE VERDICT ON ALLENDE

The Problems of
Problem Children

LARRY SCHULTZ

Leonard Kriegel / The Adversary in the Mirror

LETTERS

the real difference

Downers Grove, Ill.

DEAR SIR: George Woodcock's "The Evergreen Maple Leaf" (*The Nation*, Oct. 1) may have been disappointing only because I expect Canadians to have a better grasp of the concept of being citizens of the world.

What does it matter what one calls *Who's Who*? . . . The important thing is not that Americans are exploiting Canada's resources. So are rich Canadians. And rich Americans are exploiting the States.

If it were not for greedy Canadians willing to sell their beautiful country to the highest bidder there would be no problem. Witness: the Montana rancher who refuses to sell his land to exploiters of any nationality.

After serving in both the Canadian and American Armies, I can assure Mr. Woodcock there is no real difference between us. Any one who tries to puff up nationalism for any nation is planting a seed of destruction, as the new African and Asian nations are proving so tragically.

The difference is not between Canadian and American but between the exploiter and exploited. Both categories belong to both nations.

William M. Wilkerson

prophet's honor

Los Angeles, Calif.

DEAR SIR: Edward McConville's "The Prophetic Voice of C.P. Ellis" (*The Nation*, Oct. 15) is a deeply moving biographical article of a man enduring the torments of socio-economic changes which portends the possibility of grass-roots black and white unity in the South. . . . The article also reveals the sensitive insight of the author. I hope he has a book forthcoming on C.P. Ellis and Ann Atwater. We need such positive publications on social change in face of the Nixon-Agnew-Watergate morbid effect on our democratic processes.

Mark Keats

Roslyn Heights, N.Y.

DEAR SIR: In thirty-five years of regularly reading *The Nation*, I rank Edward McConville's article as one of the most remarkable pieces you have ever published. Ellis gives hope that a recognition of mutual economic interests between the races may break barriers that neither the Bill of Rights nor ordinary human decency has been able to eliminate.

K.J. Rawson

still flourishing

New York City

DEAR SIR: When in 1945-47 I prepared in the Hungarian Ministry of Justice the trials against politicians, soldiers, journalists, writers, et al., indicted for war crimes and crimes against humanity, I did my work, though I knew death sentences are inhuman, because I believed that the horrors of the Nazi era were unprecedented in history and I hoped, after the culprits got their punishment, that legal executions could be outlawed everywhere.

Since those years I have written much about the crimes of fascism, Nazism, anti-Semitism, but I am not sure any more that those crimes were unique. Genocide was and is still flourishing—Indochina, Indonesia, Algeria, Madagascar, Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Brazil—and the many dictatorships in four continents are, though not yet as efficient yet morally no better, than was national socialism. In one respect—as I wrote once in *The New York Times*—most of them are perhaps even worse: Hitler was more frank; he did not pretend to defend the "free world" and serve peace. And now when I read with grief and disgust your reports on Chile and Paraguay, I must say that Nazi politicians and propagandists were less hypocritical than those in the United States. The latter and their journals are so preoccupied with the fate of Soviet dissidents (who are not killed any more) that they have no time to deplore and decry the massacres in Chile, Paraguay, Guatemala, Brazil and elsewhere. . . .

Robert Major

EDITORIALS

Nixon's Wheel Horse

Once again President Nixon has placed his immediate personal political interests above the welfare of the nation. Aside from experience in the House as a Republican wheel horse, Gerald Ford has none of the qualifications which the people have a right to look for in a man who just might succeed to the Presidency. The name of Gerald Ford is not a household word, nor was that of Spiro T. Agnew. Both were selected by Nixon for the second highest office in the land for reasons wholly unrelated to their qualifications to hold it. But Agnew was at least elected and then re-elected. Ford is an unelected Vice President who might become an unelected President. This consideration alone should have moved the President to choose a man known to the public and possessing qualifications that would have inspired their confidence.

Like Agnew, Ford is a mediocrity. Agnew turned out to be fairly bright, but the same is unlikely to happen with Ford. He is a partisan politician whose lack of intellectual distinction worries even some of his GOP colleagues. "Jerry's a great guy," a House Republican told *The Wall Street Journal*, "but he's no intellectual heavyweight." Not only does he think in clichés, he believes them. He is a loyal, plodding type of whom the late Lyndon Johnson once said that he couldn't chew gum and walk at the same time and, on another occasion, sadly observed that Ford had played football at Michigan in the days before players wore padded helmets. Unkind comments, but they vividly suggest Ford's lack of distinction. He will be readily confirmed; he is personally well liked in Congress; he is obviously a caretaker nominee (he has said that he will not seek the Presidency in 1976); and his selection lessens the chances that Congress might be drawn into the ordeal of impeachment proceedings against the President.

For Nixon, Ford was an easy selection. He is loyal to the President. He will not make Nixon feel uneasy nor will he overshadow him, as Connally or Rockefeller might have done. The President always likes to keep possible rivals at a comfortable distance. Ford stands well with both parties in Congress and his selection will not kick up any feuding in the Republican Party. Reagan, Connally and Rockefeller may be disappointed, but they must endorse Ford's nomination. And, like Congress, the President doubtless hoped that the thought of Ford succeeding him would silence any talk of impeachment.

But it does not follow that the President is now home free. A few hours before his grotesque efforts to make a festive occasion of the announcement and thereby turn the public's mind from the "obsessions of the past" (read: Watergate), the Court of Appeals gave Mr. Nixon a restrained but firm reminder that, while he was re-elected by a national ballot, he does not embody the nation's sovereignty. So the issue of the tapes hangs over him. Also his personal finances, his handling of unspent 1968 campaign contributions, his curious tax returns, the activities of Bebe Rebozo and other pending anxieties, will keep a shadow on the White House.

Archibald Cox has a staff of ninety which includes some bright and energetic young lawyers, a budget of \$2.8 million and, so far, a free hand to pursue Watergate crooks and creeps. At intervals, Mr. Cox and staff will have unpleasant tidings for the President. We now know—from the Krogh indictment—that the Ellsberg raid, justified in the name of “national security,” was financed by funds which Charles Colson got from the milk and dairy industry. We know, too, that Mr. Nixon spoke to “the milk crowd” on September 3, 1971, the same night that Dr. Fielding’s offices were broken into in Beverly Hills. And we also know that John Ehrlichman told a Los Angeles grand jury that the President knew about this secret mission.

The President doubtless thought that easing Agnew out would shore up his own defenses. It would, for example, remove the possibility that a court decision on the Vice President’s immunity might have some bearing on the President’s. And it would give Nixon an opportunity to remove some of the grime from his image by naming John Connally or Nelson Rockefeller as Agnew’s successor. But he had to settle, as it turned out, for a colorless caretaker, and while first Congressional reactions were predictably favorable, it is unlikely that liberal Republicans really approve the selection and it is certain that conservatives resent the way Agnew was shoehorned out of office.

Thus, for all his scheming, the President has not cut himself free of the Agnew scandal. Naming Ford took care of the immediate political problem but, like Agnew’s custer, it is another count against the President, demonstrating once again the contempt in which he holds the American people. Indeed, if the Democrats were not so painfully deficient in wit and courage, they would refuse to confirm Ford until Nixon releases the tapes, pays whatever taxes he owes the government on the tangled San Clemente transaction, answers some questions about Bebe Rebozo and satisfies Congress on a number of other issues. They might even take the extreme position that Mr. Nixon should nominate a Vice President qualified to succeed to the Presidency. But the sad fact is, as Max Lerner noted in a recent column, that we are being “nibbled to death by the mice of narrow partisan thinking, by President and Congress alike, by both parties.” The crisis in the Middle East will divert attention momentarily from the President’s problems but eventually it could contribute to them. The President may be still counting on the “mandate” he won at the polls last year, but, as Max Frankel notes in *The New York Times*, “the magic in the mandate wafted away long ago and his troubles are far from over.”

Agnew’s Apologia

The least convincing speech Spiro T. Agnew ever made was his televised “farewell” address. Taking a charitable view, it can be dismissed as dishonest, nonresponsive, self-serving, rambling and churlish. Agnew was at some pains to downgrade the media and government officials as villains, perhaps because the two networks had given him prime time to deliver his apologia while government spokesmen maintained a discreet silence. He is, he tells us, really the victim of “bribe-brokers, extortionists and

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conspirators," i.e., his intimate political associates of many years in Maryland politics who were encouraged to reduce their possible punishment by accusing him. That hardly disposes of their charges. Yet with the exception of that one unfortunate \$29,500 gratuity of 1967, he insists he is innocent of any wrongdoing despite massive detailed documentation in the government's report that he accepted at least \$100,000 in bribes and perhaps more.

True, the report does not constitute proof of guilt, but by copping a plea on the one charge Agnew made it impossible for the government to prove his guilt on the others. With this assurance he can afford to be bold and emphatic in his denials. If innocent of these other charges, he should have resigned and contested them in the courts. Granted that Maryland politics has a stench all its own, still Agnew did not take money to pay campaign expenses, but for his personal use. All he did, by his account, was to permit his "fund-raising activities" and "contract-dispensing activities" to overlap! But even candidates "who do not possess large personal fortunes" are not entitled to enhance their net worth by accepting cash and not reporting it in their income tax returns. Coming in the wake of a story in the Nashville *Banner* in which Agnew appeared to be convinced that Nixon had forced him out of office, his fulsome praise of the President was hypocritical and a cowardly bid for continued protection.

James Thompson, the U.S. Attorney in Cook County, summed up the government's case against Agnew as "the strongest case of bribery and extortion I have ever seen." Labeling Agnew "a crook," he added: "the country is well rid of him." And so it is, but it got rid of him by dubious means. The President initiated the plea-bargaining sessions. The President's counsel met with Agnew's lawyers in a Miami hotel room to work out the final details. These arrangements were then confirmed in a secret meeting in a motel and with Judge Walter E. Hoffman present. (Whatever happened to the notion that judges were supposed to listen to counsel in open court or, on some matters, in chambers?) Of course, the removal of Agnew was essentially a political task and the judicial process had to be tactfully adjusted to carry it out as quickly and quietly as possible. But this consideration should blind no one to the fact that seldom has a crook been treated with such deference. The fact that he occupied the office of Vice President does not justify the special treatment he received. If only to keep the rest of us taxpayers honest, he should have been handcuffed and carted off to serve, say, a day in jail.

In a perceptive comment in *Newsweek*, Stewart Alsop foresaw that, once Agnew had copped his plea, there would be "much buttery rhetoric applied to his crookery." Early in his career, Westbrook Pegler applied the term "bleeding hearts" to misguided liberals and others who opposed child labor, capital punishment, colonial wars, flogging, child abuse and mandatory life sentences for pickpockets. Since "bleeding hearts" can be applied only to liberals, another term, say, "bleeding ulcers," must be used to describe those who bemoan Agnew's downfall. The President calls for compassion. Editorial writers tell us that it is "tragic" that Agnew should leave office under a cloud and facing "a financial crisis." (Should we perhaps chip in to buy him an annuity, since he will not

be receiving a pension?) Senator Goldwater is outraged at the way Agnew was treated; in Sacramento, Governor Reagan is "shocked, saddened." Roy M. Cohn cannot understand how a man "who made courage a household word" could act in such a craven manner. The chairman and vice chairman of the Conservative Party in New York are all shook up. To the first of these, Agnew "went out with dignity"; to the second "the whole damn thing is tragic." Tragic it might have been if Agnew had taken a leaf from the Greeks and acted like a tragic hero. But it is difficult to cast a plea-copper as a tragic hero. It would be easier to feel compassion for him if, in his farewell, he had said that he was guilty as charged and then expressed regret for what he had done. He might at least have offered his apologies to those loyal Republican ladies in Los Angeles to whom he had offered his "tormented verbal assertion" of total innocence. But he seems to be quite free of remorse. Instead of candor, there was evasiveness; in place of regrets, there was self-pity and even an attempt at self-glorification.

Mr. Thompson is right: the country is well rid of Spiro Agnew. About the kindest thing "bleeding hearts" can say of him is that he was not involved in Watergate and leaves office less responsible for the depressing atmosphere that prevails in Washington than the man who tapped him for the Vice Presidency, used him when needed, and then eased him out.

Layers of Ugliness

Richard R. Fagen is a professor of political science at Stanford University, and vice president of the Latin American Studies Association. His wife, Pat Fagen, is an assistant professor at New College of San Jose State University. Both recently spent eighteen months in Chile (February 1972-July 1973). Fagen was in Santiago as a full-time social science consultant to the Ford Foundation; he also taught as a visiting professor at the Latin American Faculty of the Social Sciences, a graduate training institution specializing in sociology and political science. Pat Fagen taught as an instructor at the university during the couple's stay in Santiago.

Pat Fagen feels it would be pointless to argue the degree of CIA involvement in the coup, because "the Nixon Administration and some large corporate interests began laying the groundwork for the coup from the moment Allende assumed power three years ago. Chile's credit was cut, its imports were banned, and its copper embargoed. While the government was without the foreign exchange to carry out its social objectives and productive goals, the military received more aid from the United States than any other government in Latin America." That is one layer of ugliness, and quite to be expected. But it is only a beginning.

Richard Fagen has uncovered a whole series of outrages, some involving arrests of American citizens, the murder of one and probably two, and the indifference of both American Embassy personnel on the ground and high-ranking State Department officials in Washington. While he was in Santiago, Fagen met a number of young Americans, graduate students and others who were, in varying degrees, sympathetic to the Allende experi-

ment. These included three men in their 20s, Charles Horman, Frank Teruggi and David Hathaway. Terrugi is dead, Horman is missing and probably dead, Hathaway is safe home. Fagen knew all three well; he employed Horman and Hathaway as translators. (Horman contributed articles to *The Nation* in 1968 and 1969.)

Richard Fagen's charges are contained in a 9½-page letter, single-spaced, to Sen. J. William Fulbright, with copies to Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and others. He heard reports of the hostility of American Embassy personnel toward Americans in Chile who were sympathetic, or even "neutral," toward the Allende regime. These Americans were referred to as "traitorous," "commies," "fellow travelers," etc. It was as if the Embassy considered it the duty of Americans to be hostile to the Allende regime, and the duty of Embassy personnel to be hostile toward those Americans who felt otherwise, even though their activities were in every respect legal and proper.

Fagen says that the effective head of the Embassy throughout much of 1972 was Harry Shlaudeman, the Deputy Chief of Mission in Santiago, now back in Washington as a top aide to Jack Kubisch, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs. Shlaudeman "was often cited by persons who knew him as the high Embassy official most single-mindedly hostile to the positions and the activities of those Americans in Santiago who were supportive of the government."

In the course of a conversation with Fagen, a career U.S. Foreign Service officer volunteered the information that Frederick Purdy, Chief Consul of the U.S. Embassy in Santiago, was in fact a CIA agent. Fagen has no concrete proof of Purdy's alleged dual role, but apparently other consular personnel were uneasy about the situation.

At the end of July Fagen returned to the United States and, when the Chilean military rose against Allende, made a trip to Washington with three other officers of the Latin American Studies Association, acting as individuals. This group met for an hour with Kubisch on September 18, and were told that there was no real reason to doubt the junta's reports of the number of prisoners, deaths and executions. Kubisch said he considered the military leaders to be basically "honest" and "good."

When on September 23 Fagen read in *The New York Times* of Horman's arrest, he called Kubisch's office and was told they would check on it. Through a Stanford graduate student, Fagen found that Terrugi and Hathaway had also been arrested. The Fagens then began a search for relatives of the arrested Americans and located them; this was the first word the relatives had had of the young men's plight. They had heard nothing from the State Department. Fagen, in almost daily telephonic contact with Kubisch's office regarding the Horman, Hathaway and Terrugi cases, never received any information that he had not already read in a newspaper, heard on the radio, or received first-hand in telephone calls to Santiago.

Terrugi was kept in the National Stadium, led away, and later found in the morgue, dead of multiple gunshot wounds. Horman was arrested on September 17 and on October 8, when Fagen wrote his 6,000-word report to Fulbright and Kissinger, had not been heard from again.

Hathaway was released by the Chilean military on September 26 and Purdy got him out of the country.

A puzzling sidelight on American Embassy procedure in Santiago: when Joyce Horman went to the Embassy to inquire about her husband, she was told by some functionary that "probably he just wanted to get away from you." A clarifying sidelight on Kubisch: at the September 18th meeting he said before four witnesses (Fagen's paraphrase):

It was not in our interest to have the military take over in Chile. It would have been better had Allende served his entire term, taking the nation and the Chilean people into complete and total ruin. Only then would the full discrediting of socialism have taken place. Only then would people have gotten the message that socialism doesn't work. What has happened [the military takeover and bloodshed] has confused this lesson.

The press has not paid a great deal of attention to these "layers of ugliness," but the *Chicago Daily News* is featuring the Terrugi and Horman cases, and Sen. Adlai Stevenson is calling for an investigation of the State Department's handling of the matter. Secretary Kissinger is having his troubles in the Middle East, but his action on this outrageous sequence will give us some indication of what to expect from him in the future. The immediate question for him to consider is whether American citizens are to receive equal protection when they go about their lawful occasions abroad; or whether, if their views do not coincide with those of State Department personnel, they venture abroad at their own risk.

Fagen's Children

Writing of delinquent children in this issue (p. 426), Larry Schultz says, "Juvenile court judges have no more answers than does anyone else." The failure of judges and the public in general to come up with such answers may be traced, at least in part, to the fact that they operate on a series of false assumptions.

Bill Haney and Martin Gold, both members of the University of Michigan Institute for Social Research, have contributed to the September issue of *Psychology Today* an article in which they offer evidence that the "typical juvenile delinquent" who is now the object of so much popular and official concern is largely a myth. All of us can draw a mental picture of this malignant youth: child of a fatherless home, member of a racial minority, hostile to school, if not a dropout, he belongs to a gang whose lair is in the ghetto and whose activities threaten the lives and property of the law-abiding citizenry.

But, say Haney and Gold, data compiled by their institute's National Survey of Youth and other studies show that delinquency is not confined to lower-class youth, black or white. It is just that middle-class kids are more likely to be overlooked, or that their parents can afford to buy them out of trouble, or that their actions are interpreted as 'hijinks' rather than offenses.

Aside from the injustice implicit in the stereotype of the delinquent, what troubles these investigators is that the false assumptions block any progress to a solution of the problem. Thus, their research does not confirm the supposed strong relationship between delinquent behavior

and low social status; indeed they find that white boys of higher status engage in somewhat more serious crimes than do their lower-status contemporaries. Nor do broken homes seem to produce more anti-social youngsters than do intact homes (though it does seem that stepfathers are worse than no fathers at all).

As of now, the authors conclude, "the delinquency-prevention industry" is stultified by its stereotype of the youthful offender. When it catches one that fits the image, the wheels of "justice" and "reform" operate with the implacability of any other conditioned reflex. Meanwhile, no one notices that only a tiny fraction of all delinquent acts are ever discovered, or that the energy of society is being spent to erase an image of wrongdoing not to discover the path of its cause and effect. It goes without saying that there are far too many juvenile offenders (for that matter, what percentage of them would be considered satisfactory?), but as matters now stand, say Haney and Gold, and despite good intentions and admirable dedication, no success is being achieved in seeing beyond The Delinquent to "a person with a real problem that is both his and ours."

The Black Dot System

Racial discrimination may prove expensive for corporations and labor unions if a recent decision by federal Judge Damon Keith holds up on appeal. After a three-month trial, the judge ordered the Detroit Edison Company, the largest utility in Michigan, to pay \$4 million to black workers who, he found, had suffered discrimination. He also ordered the company to bring its work force up to 30 per cent black and make sweeping changes in its hiring and promotion practices, e.g., to promote one black for every white promoted, and to hire blacks for high-level and craftsman's jobs until 25 per cent of the workers in these categories are black. Another part of the decision orders Local 223 of the Utility Workers of America to pay \$250,000 in damages because, according to Judge Keith, the local conspired with the company to practice discrimination.

Stanford University Law Prof. William Gould served without pay as chief counsel for the three plaintiffs in the case. Professor Gould has written for *The Nation* and is the author of a forthcoming book, *Black Workers in White Unions*. He got into this litigation, which has been in progress for three years, when he was a Wayne State law professor. When black workers came to see him, he says, "I just couldn't turn them away. They began to describe a situation in Detroit that I'd been writing about in other parts of the country. Here it was, right at home."

Professor Gould points out that if the utility appeals it may face final costs of \$10 million or more, since "the clock keeps ticking on back pay" and attorneys' fees keep on increasing, although Professor Gould will still receive only out-of-pocket expenses.

While Judge Keith's decision is appealable, even as the case stands it should have a salutary effect on employers who have made a habit of practicing racial (or other) discrimination, which has a long history at Detroit Edison. According to a story in the *Detroit Star*, in the mid-1950s job interviewers for the company resorted to placing black dots on the application forms of black applicants. "The black dot system was used to perpetuate and maintain blacks in low-paying positions," the judge found.

An unusual finding is the award of damages to unknown persons who were deterred from trying for a job with Detroit Edison because of the company's reputed prejudice against blacks. "It's a monumental decision," says U.S. Attorney Ralph Guy, who joined the suit against the company under a provision of the 1964 Civil Rights Act. "If a black man who, say, wanted to work as an Edison lineman didn't apply for a job because he had heard the company didn't hire blacks, he is entitled to back pay for the job he didn't even go after."

This part of the decision may be modified on appeal, but it contains a lesson for minority groups and all who suffer discrimination. Never hesitate to apply for a job because you feel you have no chance because of color, sex, age, etc. If you refrain, you are not only passing up a chance to collect personal damages but you are in effect acquiescing in the mistreatment of the group to which you belong, and in social injustice generally.

REFORM GUNNED DOWN

TRUE VERDICT ON ALLENDE

E. BRADFORD BURNS

On September 4, I watched more than 800,000 Chileans parade past the Presidential palace, enthusiastically cheering President Salvador Allende. One week later President Allende was dead, the palace lay a burned-out shambles, the streets of Santiago echoed to the boots of soldiers and the rattling of machine guns. Chilean reforms and democracy fell victims to the middle class's frantic desire to regain power at any price. The world little understood the magnitude of the tragedy and scant news reports ob-

scured rather than clarified the situation in what was once South America's most democratic nation.

In rationalizing the violent demise of Chilean democracy, most commentators seem content to point out that Allende was, after all, a President elected by a minority. At best those observations evince an ignorance of Chilean political history. True, Allende entered office in Novem-

E. Bradford Burns, professor of Latin American history at UCLA and author of Nationalism in Brazil (Praeger) and A History of Brazil (Columbia University Press), was in Chile on the eve of the coup d'état.

ber 1970 with 37 per cent of the popular vote, but Congress overwhelmingly elected him to the Presidency. He was the constitutional President, selected through a rigorously democratic process in which there was no charge of corruption, no hint of irregularities. For comparison, in the United States in 1972, when the President was elected by 35 per cent of the eligible voters, both Mr. Nixon and the press hailed the election as a personal mandate and a landslide victory.

Because of the plurality of parties in the former Chilean democracy, governments commonly received less than a popular majority. Jorge Alessandri, candidate of the Right, was installed in the Presidency in 1958 for a six-year term with only 32 per cent of the vote, but no cry rang from the international news media that Chile had a minority President. In short, what has been intimated as exceptional in the Allende election was really more the rule in Chilean politics.

Between 1970 and 1973, the Unidad Popular (Popular Unity)—the coalition of parties backing Allende—actually increased its vote, a growing popularity which in itself casts some doubt on the widely spread tales of economic disaster wrought by the government. In the last significant election, a fierce electoral battle for Congress in March 1973, the Unidad Popular increased its share of the vote to 44 per cent. The rest of the vote was split among the several other parties, which at that time functioned freely and openly in the Chilean tradition. The 800,000 who greeted the President on September 4 constituted nearly one-tenth of the national population, the largest political rally ever held in Chile. To appreciate the size of the demonstration, one must realize that to enjoy a similar success in Washington, Mr. Nixon would have to mass more than 21 million cheering fans. Evidence seems to indicate that, as his administration progressed, President Allende enjoyed greater approval. Indeed, the highly visible proof of that mounting support on September 4 may have contributed to the decision of the military and political leaders of the Right to act at once to depose him.

The explanations for the support of Allende's government by the less privileged classes, which constitute a clear majority in Chile as they do throughout Latin America, are not difficult to find. Allende and his Unidad Popular favored them. The new government sought to restructure society in order to distribute the national wealth more equally, a prospect as welcome to the neglected urban labor classes and peasants as it was repugnant to the comfortable middle and upper classes.

In an apparent campaign to discredit the thrust of the new government, the news media have emphasized the failures of the Allende government. They were many. Any society changing from capitalism to socialism will be under stress, and Chile certainly was. Yet the Popular Unity government achieved some remarkable successes, and to neglect them is to blur any attempt to understand the undeniable popularity of Allende among many sectors of Chilean society.

Regardless of their political views, all Chileans welcomed Allende's nationalization of the foreign-owned copper industry, Chile's most important industry, since copper

provided three-quarters of the value of national exports. The Christian Democratic government of Eduardo Frei had during the late 1960s set in motion the machinery for nationalization of the industry; Allende simply completed in July 1971 what had already been begun, and both houses of the opposition-dominated Congress unanimously approved his action. Chile paid no indemnity; quite the contrary, the government sought payments from the former foreign owners, claiming they had made illegal profits in the past. According to the figures of the government economists, U.S. copper companies "had parlayed an original investment of \$30 million into \$4.5 billion in profits." Needless to add, Chile's boldness angered Washington and the international business community.

Public opinion was more divided over the nationalization of banking and credit, but still the act elicited favorable comments from many sectors beyond the Popular Unity. Allende also moved to nationalize key industries, and that profoundly disturbed the middle and upper classes. During his first year of office, he nationalized ninety-one basic industries, using as authorization laws dating back to 1932. The workers cheered. In some cases when they felt the government moved too slowly they simply took over the industries themselves.

Despite the mounting inflation, the working class saw its buying power increase markedly under the Allende government. Their children drank milk daily for the first time; their consumption of meat increased; consumer items such as bicycles, radios, television sets and stoves, long thought a luxury, became commonplace in working-class homes. The government turned shanties and shacks into decent housing by emphasizing construction and giving preference to building for the poor. While a crisis mounted in middle-class housing, the less privileged were living better than ever before. Labor pledged its support to Allende and the Popular Unity and in return enjoyed material and psychological benefits.

President Allende promulgated and enforced an ambitious land reform. Chile, like almost every Latin American nation, imported a high percentage of its food (it always had), not because the country could not produce its own food but rather because landowners held land for speculation rather than production (see "Latin America's Tragedy: Illusions of Agrarian Reform" by Penny Lernoux, *The Nation*, October 15). Fertile land lay fallow while expensive food imports ate into the hard-currency foreign-exchange reserves which could have been spent more profitably on capital machinery. During the 1964-70 period, the Christian Democrats had promised a land reform, but they dawdled and delayed, compromising with the inefficient landowning class. In his first year of office, Allende distributed more land, 5.5 million acres, than his Christian Democratic predecessor had in six years. The landless rural proletariat appreciated Allende's actions, which were in strong contrast to the grandiose promises of former governments.

Opponents of the Popular Unity government, as well as the foreign press, have emphasized Chile's economic difficulties during the Allende years. Their views neglect two considerations, and that prevents a fair assess-

ment of the period. First, Chile has always had economic problems. The economy depended for decades on the sale of copper abroad, and since foreigners both set the price of copper and owned the mines, Chile has had great difficulty in feeding itself. Approximately one-third of Chile's imports consisted of foodstuffs, at least in the period since World War II. As late as the 1960s, sociologists classified 60 per cent of the families as impoverished. The infant mortality rate in Chile was triple that of the United States. In short, Allende inherited serious economic problems. Second, the economic achievements of the Popular Unity government generally were ignored or received less attention than the failures.

A fuller range of statistics and other interpretations must be taken into account in order to reach a balanced understanding of Chile's experiment with socialism. Last August, the government's statistical office (Estadística y Análisis de la Gerencia de Planificación de la Corporación de Fomento de la Producción) released figures showing that many important industries (a few examples would be condensed milk, cement, poultry products, phonograph records and pork products) were producing more than at any previous time. Addressing the nation on September 4, President Allende pointed with pride to the facts that in a year farmers had doubled the number of acres under cultivation, that copper production in the Chuquibambilla mine (by far the largest and most important in the nation) had broken all production records in the month of August, and that the international price of copper was rising swiftly.

Surely in an economy dominated by copper production the output and price of that one product assumes a disproportionate importance. Chile has no control over the price and must depend on the whims of the international market. Low prices in 1971-72 dealt a cruel blow to the nation's economy, but the rising prices in 1973 were a welcome relief to economic planners. On the other hand, Chile of course does control its production and that rose during the Allende years. *Chile Economic News* (March 15) calculated copper output as 571.3 thousands of metric tons in 1970 and 593.0 in 1972, a rise despite the strikes of managerial and white-collar personnel at the mines. Even so harsh a critic of the Allende government as William Buckley, Jr. recognized a significant rise in copper production in 1971. The economic successes of the Allende government do not negate the difficulties, stresses and reverses which also accompanied those transition years when Chile attempted to move from capitalism to socialism. The successes are mentioned here because they tend to be neglected, and no final judgment of Allende can be made without considering them.

A rather backhanded acknowledgment that the Popular Unity government achieved some increased production came from no other source than Admiral José Toribio Merino, member of the military junta which overthrew Allende: "Chile is bankrupt and destroyed and not because it hasn't been producing. It's bankrupt because its production was plundered and stolen by thieves." In that conclusion the admiral hardly provides a scientific explanation of the new system of distribution of goods instituted by the Allende government, but at least he does

not rely on the oft-repeated and questionable charge that all production fell during the Allende years.

Instead of complaining of dwindling production, the middle and upper classes might have come closer to reality if they had complained of distribution, for the goods were no longer flowing uninterrupted into the homes of the privileged. They were having to share the fruits of production with the lower classes. They never became accustomed to that new distribution and whined incessantly of the hardships that Chile (read, the middle and upper classes) suffered. The international press repeated their complaints, seldom bothering to verify them. Meanwhile, greater numbers of Chileans at the bottom of the economic scale enjoyed the benefits of the new distribution system, but their voices of gratitude never reached the foreign press media. [See "Reporting on Chile: What the Press Leaves Out" by John Pollock, *The Nation*, January 29.]

More than economics can explain the strong support Allende received. He opened the doors of government to the participation of the less advantaged groups. They identified with their President and for the first time felt themselves part of the governing process.

Allende initiated a vigorously independent foreign policy, one often at odds with Latin America's patron, the United States. As one of his first acts in office, he established diplomatic relations with Cuba. Castro paid an extended visit to Chile in late 1971. Quite naturally, Chile's friendship with other Socialist nations warmed. That foreign policy struck a new note of independence for Chile, one pleasing to the nationalists.

Allende's achievements are all the more impressive when one realizes the bitter opposition of the middle and upper classes, a combined group which composed no more than 30 per cent of the population, but a potent minority, since it monopolized the professions as well as the high technical and bureaucratic jobs, and was thus in a strategic position to sabotage the efforts of the Socialist government. Allende's foes wielded their potent weapon effectively. A vocal group, they took advantage of their extensive international contacts. Their opinions always found sympathy among the international media, there being a worldwide bond among middle classes haunted by the specter of social change.

Those privileged groups called on the military to intervene in order to halt Chile's democratic march toward socialism. Presidential elections were too far away for them to wait, and anyway there was always the recurrent and very real fear they might again lose at the polls. Desperate, they goaded the military to act for them. Called into action and disregarding forty years of tradition, the military bombed its own capital, killed its own President, and shot its fellow citizens. It could not have done that in the name of democracy; it could not have done so in the name of the constitution. More likely it was carried out in the name of fear, fear of change.

The question inevitably arises as to the role, if any, of the United States in those tragic events. Washington, following standard practice, disclaims any involvement in Chile, although it never attempted to disguise its dis-

peaks, a commission appointed by President Truman reported optimistically that 13 million homes could be heated by the sun by 1975. If that forecast were on the way to fulfillment, we would have less concern about our energy supply today. Thirteen million solar heated homes, if they had been built in our Northern states and the fuel displaced had been oil, would represent a yearly saving of about 440 million barrels. If they included homes with summer cooling, the saving would be much larger.

But generation of electric power is the big breakthrough needed if we are to avoid being surrounded by some 2,600 nuclear power plants—the number on which the Atomic Energy Commission has set its sights by the year 2020. It was stressed at the conference that, as in the case of home heating, there are no technical reasons why a solar power station should not be built today. The problem is that they cost more to build than either conventional plants or the nuclear behemoths. Research will have to concentrate on finding ways to cut costs of equipment, reduce the size, and get them into use on a scale that will bring manufacturing savings through volume production. Collectors which gather the sun's rays and concentrate their heat are the biggest cost items. Present ones also take up a lot of room.

Many techniques have been devised for power generation but the most promising can be narrowed down to three. All use similar collectors. One technique is to use the sun's energy like any other heat source to generate steam, which drives turbines that spin generators in a conventional way. A second is to collect sunlight and feed it directly into a storage tank from which heat can be drawn as needed, night or day. Water is the simplest storage medium but chemical solutions, of which liquid sodium is one, promise to be more effective. The third way is to use solar cells, or batteries, to convert energy directly into electricity, thus dispensing with the steam power cycle. That is the way it is done on spacecraft.

To some extent the present generation of solar energy experts are reinventing the wheel. Back in 1913 an American engineer, Frank Shuman of Philadelphia, was building power plants that used the sun's energy. He didn't generate electricity with them, but could have done so with the head of steam they developed. One of his best known solar engines was a 50-horsepower installation at Meadi, near Cairo in Egypt, where it was used to pump water from the Nile to irrigate crops. Even earlier, in 1774, the French chemist Antoine Lavoisier devised a remarkable solar furnace, which used glass lenses fastened to curved discs, that achieved heat of 3,000 degrees Fahrenheit. He could have used it to produce electricity, except that it hadn't yet been identified. His invention was put to work melting gold and other metals.

Many others have been fascinated by the challenge. New materials, not available to early inventors, facilitate current research, but many of the techniques are remarkably similar.

Three scientists who have recently stirred wide interest with radically different approaches to the problem were not at the conference here. Two are the husband

and wife team of Aden and Marjorie Meinel, both astronomers at the University of Arizona. They have worked out a plan for a huge "solar farm" in the sun-drenched Southwest that could eventually furnish all of the country's needs for electricity. The other is Peter Glaser of Arthur D. Little, Inc. He has proposed a glamorous project to put two mile-wide arrays of collectors in orbit 22,000 miles out in space where one of them would always be bathed in sunshine undiluted by the atmosphere. Solar cells of the kind that gave Skylab 1 its power would convert sunlight first to electricity, then to microwaves (radar), for transmission to earth where it would be reconverted into electricity.

The Meinels have won considerable support among their peers. Their multibillion-dollar project could be constructed a section at a time over the next century. The first of the plants, with a suggested capacity of 1,000 megawatts (about the size of the planned fast breeders) could, they say, be built by 1980. Each plant would require about 2 square miles on which to place collectors—heat traps of glass with a special coating borrowed from optical research to block the escape of heat once it is collected.

The collectors would raise liquid sodium to temperatures as high as 1,200 degrees and the sodium would then transfer the heat to storage tanks of molten salt. The tanks would be drawn on as needed to heat water for steam that would drive turbines and generate current in conventional fashion, day or night.

The Meinels have designated a site for their "farm." They would place it on a desolate tract of land on the border of California and Nevada, projecting slightly into Idaho. To those who may object that 5,000 square miles is a lot of land, the Meinels retort that there are 130,000 square miles of land in the Southwest so poor that it barely supports rattlesnakes and prairie dogs. They also point out that the Arizona Public Service Company has more land under lease for strip mining coal than would be needed for one of the plants they envision. And they make a third point. If brackish or salt water were distilled with heat otherwise wasted, the desert could bloom.

The proposal offers clean and plentiful power, but not cheaply, at least to begin with. The Meinels have estimated that \$10 billion spent over a ten-year period could get the farm well under way. Thereafter they see the possibility of gradually phasing out existing dirty power plants and the nuclear reactors already in operation. Developments in high-voltage transmission could, they believe, put all the contiguous forty-eight states within reach of the solar power farm.

Major problems would obviously have to be overcome before Dr. Glaser's power station in space could be built, but on a smaller scale most of the technology and components have been tested and proved workable in space programs. The present cost of solar cells is prohibitive but, like other equipment for solar power, these items would cost far less if they were mass-produced.

How either of these plans could be financed is not clear. The Nixon budget for 1974 has allocated only \$12 million to solar research, a threefold increase over 1973 but still a tiny investment in comparison with the \$563

million allotted to various types of nuclear development. The NSF-NASA study panel called for expenditure of more than \$2 billion on solar power projects over a period of fifteen years, with the government and industry to share the costs. The Meinel project could, of course, be scaled down, but then it wouldn't provide the replacement for the nuclear program that its foes would like to see.

What is badly needed at this point is objective evaluation of the many ideas that have been proposed, determination of what the country is willing to pay for really

clean power, and selection of one or more projects to receive the kind of funding and federal leadership that has marked the nuclear program. Sixty years ago Frank Shuman said: "We know the sun is the central powerhouse of our universe, and we should therefore attack most seriously the problem of connecting ourselves with the sun *direct*." Unfortunately, the climate in Mr. Nixon's Washington doesn't seem favorable to an all-out attack. So we'll have to settle for a slower pace. But it seems clear that solar power is at a stage where it can make an important contribution almost as quickly as we want it to. □

BRITAIN'S THIRD PARTY

THE LIBERALS MOVE UP FAST

RAYMOND WILLIAMS

London

The political situation in Great Britain is now exceptionally complicated. There is a widely discredited Conservative government. The Labour Party, in a program adopted at its recent annual conference, has moved significantly to the Left. Meanwhile, however, there are signs that for the first time in fifty years we are moving from a two-party to a three-party system, with the extraordinary current revival of the Liberals.

These are only the most public features, but they need some explanatory comment. The unpopularity of the Conservative government is easy to understand. Elected largely on a negative vote against Wilson's last Labour government, and in particular on an undertaking to reduce prices, it has both chosen and been compelled to preside over an extraordinary inflation. One basic reason is the world inflation of food and raw material costs. As a major food importer, Britain is especially exposed, and a sustained attempt to promote industrial expansion has widened the exposure. An expansion of monetary credit has coexisted with the weakness of sterling, and in certain sectors—notably housing—the inflation has been remarkable.

Against this, there have been only two positive policies. An initial attempt was made to confront and defeat the trade unions. This is being sustained, but in a very minor key, after notable defeats of the government by the miners and the dockers. The other positive policy was to join the Common Market, and it was always foreseen that in the early stages this would be expensive. It has certainly proved so, but public argument is muddled by a widespread and largely false identification of the Common Market as the principal cause of inflation. Even the mainly technical process of decimalizing the currency is similarly blamed, and the result is that one constant reserve of conservative support—that of nationalist and even chau-

vinist sentiment—is directly eroded. To the Right of the Conservative government there are now considerable forces of this kind, represented if not yet fully led by Enoch Powell. Anti-immigrant feeling adds a constant resource to this sector.

In all previous terms, such a situation has heralded a Labour revival, and Labour Party strategists have been



Prime Minister Heath

Pierotti

Raymond Williams, the distinguished social critic and historian, has for some years been The Nation's London correspondent.

assuming it. Moreover, a familiar recent pattern of British politics is that Labour moves Right in government but Left in opposition. Until quite recently this whole pattern looked simple. It even seemed that we were in for a replay of the 1960s, when Labour came to power in 1964, and more firmly in 1966, on a radical program but primarily in the context of a disintegrating Conservative government. Virtually nothing of the program was carried out, and it was in any case overshadowed by recurrent trade and currency crises through which the Labour government became one of the most reactionary in recent history. Now, without significant changes in its leadership, but with the assertion of the power—much easier to deploy in opposition—of the trade unions and the local activists, that past record has been put down the memory hole, and Labour has been starting again. The scenario was simple: with this new radical program, Labour would take power in 1974 or early 1975, and only cynics believed that the same pattern would repeat itself, under the pressures of international capitalist crisis.

Any or all of this may still happen, but the straightforward scheme has been complicated by a development so unusual that many people still refuse to believe it, or have convinced themselves that it will soon go away. This surprise is the revival of the Liberals. In the last election they got 7 per cent of the votes. The most recent opinion poll gave these extraordinary figures: Labour 34 per cent, Liberal 32 per cent, Conservative 31 per cent. Given the complications of the electoral system, which heavily favors the larger parties, the Liberals had to get to about this point to have any decisive significance. Now that they have done so, if only temporarily, it is almost impossible to predict a result, but it is obviously possible that neither of the traditional large parties could get power on its own.

What then are the Liberals, politically? There is again no simple answer. They are a capitalist party, in the middle of the present spectrum. But also one of their main slogans is "community politics," very much in the terms of some parts of the radical movement in the 1960s. They have grown so quickly as a party, and compose so many disparate elements, that every old professional predicts they will quickly break up. But will they break up before the election, which as things now stand they could decisively affect?

It isn't easy to say, because politics at this level—the competition of parties—is subject to more profound political events. The decisive problem of Britain is still its relative weakness as a middle-sized capitalist state and economy. All those analysts who saw the Common Market as the inevitable next move for British capitalism were in that sense right. They are still right, even as it becomes evident that the relative weakness makes even this move uncertain. The economy is running a heavy trade and payments deficit which within about a year could erupt into extreme crisis. But the strains of this situation have been with us for a decade, and more fundamentally for a generation. The relative social and political stability of the country, which most visitors at least still admire, is under great and unforeseen pressures, and the first visible symptoms are the present political confusions.

It is in this context that one should review Labour's new program. It includes extensions of nationalization: of building land, of the ports, of aircraft construction and shipbuilding. It includes also selective public acquisition of manufacturing industry. The program of public grants to manufacturing, which was intensively pursued in the 1960s, would be replaced by selective acquisition and competition within particular sectors. Moreover, all these measures, according to the program, would be accompanied by the institution of workers' control or various kinds of democratization within the publicly owned institutions. In all these respects, the program undoubtedly moves to the Left and it is already under attack from the capitalist establishment. Every Socialist is bound to work to defend and promote it. At the same time, when we assess it soberly, it is a policy within the perspective



Behrendt, Het Parool (Amsterdam)
Harold Wilson

of a modernized capitalism, and here there is an immediate complication. The program has few concrete proposals for control or even protection in the fields of international and domestic monetary policy. Always, hitherto, exposure in these fields has wrecked Labour's programs. Moreover, the advanced sections of British industry have been adapting to enter the Common Market: the situation is one of low domestic investment and heavy foreign investment. And here Labour's political attitude to the Common Market must cause difficulties.

Common Market entry is now profoundly unpopular. Some 80 per cent of the population want Britain to withdraw or to renegotiate terms so radically as to change the whole system. Labour alone, among the three parties, expresses this political mood. It is committed not only to renegotiation, on what most people think are unattainable conditions, but to submitting the results to a further election or referendum. If times were normal, this alone

could be relied on to bring Labour to power, and then also, by definition, into a new and profound crisis. The confusion is now such, however, that the Liberals, who have always supported the Common Market, are picking up the mobile vote, since both the other parties are identified with the strains and failures of the past ten years. But suppose that passes, and Labour gains power. Its new program, while in its own terms radical, offers nothing general enough to solve the problems of British capitalism outside the Common Market, nor anything general enough for an independent national-based Socialist policy. That is where the undoubted chauvinism of some sections of the Labour Party, reflecting a widespread national mood, is profoundly disabling. The rhetoric of Britain making its own way has survived in spite of every postwar demonstration of international economic realities. A relatively independent Socialist Britain is perhaps conceivable, but that is not what is being proposed.

All of us involved in politics in the advanced capitalist countries have got used to this kind of situation: that the overall position is confused and intolerable, and yet that it persists through new and strange deformations and declines. It is tempting but absurd to offer some simple response; the deepening crisis will be with us for many years. To steer any active course through its confusions and errors seems almost impossible. I can only say how I see it myself. I shall work for Labour's new program, because the conflict between its concepts of democratic public ownership and the ruling concepts of monopoly capitalism is going to be critically important and might even be decisive. But I will not join the nationalist and chauvinist alliance, simplifying the crisis to a campaign against the Common Market, because I think that at the end of that road, given the current public mood and the

strength of the extreme Right, lies something very dangerous indeed. I believe that, as in the late 1960s, the first business of Socialists is to analyze and explain the real crisis, and to make common cause with every group—in practice it will be mainly the trade unions but there are other active areas in community politics and in some general social campaigns—where the reality of struggle against a capitalist state and economy is giving people new strength and confidence. Among all the confusions of formal politics, this movement also is growing, and it is the only positive movement. For the time being, it will interlock with support of Labour's new program, but it is still not yet a situation in which any Socialist can define his work within the general Labour perspective, and some necessary political distance must still be kept.

The going is likely to be rough. The problems of Ireland are still dangerously unsolved. There is a bombing campaign in the cities, and not only Irish republicans may be running it. The political and economic confusions and failures are taking a heavy toll of energy and belief. Still, when you come to Britain, as most of my friends from abroad assure me, it is at first sight a green and pleasant island, in the context of more important and more painful events elsewhere. From inside, however, the strains seem severe, and the future profoundly uncertain. And if you are like me, and want British society to change quite radically, you are caught between affirming recognition of the signs that change is inevitable and somber recognition that it will exact a heavy and perhaps even dangerous price. Watching the recent Labour Party conference, in its affirming and even euphoric mood, I saw many comrades, agreed with many statements, but had to say, even sadly, that I find myself living in a different, harder and more extended society, and that there can be no going back. □

CLEVELAND'S BARTIMOLE

INVALUABLE PAIN IN THE NECK

DAVE ROTHMAN

Cleveland
Roldo Bartimole, whose *Point of View* newsletter digs up muck along the banks of the oily Cuyahoga, recalls this scene: Carl Stokes, black Mayor of Cleveland, a national figure, an oft-cited case history of democracy and equality in action, was addressing 1,000 or more people several years ago at a meeting of the Welfare Federation. Stokes put in a few words on the need to listen to dissenting voices. Suddenly Bartimole yelled out something like: "If that's true, why are the corridors filled with cops from your subversive squad?"

Dave Rothman reports for The Journal of Lorain, Ohio. He writes features and covers the poverty beat, including "the remnants of the public housing program" in his territory.

"I was just burning," recalls the Italian butcher's son from Bridgeport, Conn., "because a few people, myself included, were protesting the fact that the Welfare Federation was having a big dinner when it didn't address itself to the problems of the poor.

"It was the first time I'd ever seen Stokes at a loss for words," says Bartimole, an alumnus of *The Wall Street Journal*. "But he was. He answered, saying he didn't know why they were there. I yelled back, 'Well, you ought to, Mayor,' and I walked out."

A few years later, under the administration of Cleveland's present Mayor, Ralph Perk, a Republican conservative, Roldo Bartimole's bimonthly revealed that the city's police department had requested \$8,089 from the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration for electronic snooping gear. "We may have our own Watergate in the future," wrote Bartimole last fall. "Mayoral candidates are as fair game as Presidential candidates." Later

in the story he quoted a police official as saying his department had even bugged Carl Stokes's private office while Stokes was mayor.

The Cleveland *Press* editorialized about the gear's possible threat to privacy. Flustered, the police say they bought the equipment not to bug anybody but to help anti-drug agents communicate with other narcotics fighters who might be in danger.

In both his public conduct and his lively newsletter, then, Bartimole can be a burr under the big shots' saddles. He'll take on anybody, from charity organizers to media people to bankers. *Point of View* says that executive E. Mandell de Windt, a big charity man, deserves "a special beat-up Cadillac for ghetto visits." Another millionaire—enriched by government subsidies—is "Cleveland's top welfare recipient." The Akron *Beacon-Journal* is accused of having committed an "Akron atrocity" by carrying right winger George Crane's syndicated column about killing Vietnamese civilians. Cleveland TV journalism is "air wave pollution."

But Bartimole is even better at turning up facts than at turning phrases. In an admiring article for *Antioch Review*, press critic James Aronson offered "a cameo of how Bartimole operates"—an example worth repeating here. Bartimole considered the Educational and Research Council of America (ERCA) a "tool of industry and foundation elites, pouring racist and right-wing propaganda into public school textbooks under the guise of a legitimate education research organization."

At first it seemed that the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* also saw the council as fair game. The paper, Ohio's largest, published seven parts of an eight-part exposé. But the eighth article did not appear. It said the research council shared some directors with the foundations which had pumped about \$3 million into it. "A rather clear-cut case of self-dealing," a *Plain Dealer* reporter wrote his city editor about the conflict of interest. "What's wrong with that?" responded Tom Vail, the *Plain Dealer's* conservative editor and publisher. So the *Plain Dealer* never published the troublesome article. *Point of View* did. "This suppressed story panicked Tom Vail and his editors," wrote Bartimole, "for it shows how the elites finance their little conspiracy with tax-free foundation funds. ERCA corporate conspirators read like a Cleveland *Who's Who*. . . . Vail is too dangerous to be allowed to decide what Clevelanders will or will not read."

The memos arrive from other places, too. "Roldo has an uncanny way of knowing what went on at board meetings," says a Cleveland investigative reporter. Indeed some corporate directors may even vote one way at meetings and, feeling guilty, sneak Bartimole the facts supporting the other side. For the most part, though, Bartimole digs up important information merely by wading through such documents as Federal Communications Commission forms and stockholders' reports.

When the information is shoveled forth, how do people react? Bartimole's friends consider him another Tom Paine, Ralph Nader or I. F. Stone. His enemies consider him a pain in the neck: an inveterate cynic, a professional knocker, a twister of facts. And a rather un-

important one at that. The five-year-old *Point of View*, though slowly growing, has only about 1,200 subscribers.

But then, expenses are as small as circulation. Bartimole claims that his muckraking costs just \$100 an issue for materials. Among major expenses: 60-pound brown paper for the 7-by-10-inch newsletter, which averages 4 to 6 pages; postage; printing, but not typesetting since the printer merely photographs Bartimole's typing, done on borrowed IBM Selectrics. *Point of View* and some free-lance work bring Bartimole about \$4,000 a year,



the publisher says. He operates from a cluttered corner of the basement of a modest white duplex at 2150 Rexwood Rd., Cleveland Heights, just outside Cleveland.

One day recently, Bartimole, a somewhat graying and shaggy-haired man of 41, wore an undershirt and nondescript pants. He looked dressed for yard work. And his glasses, according to his wife, are held together with scrap wire which some kids picked up after the telephone man. Still, it would be wrong to call Bartimole truly poor. His newspaper career left him with a 1966 Volvo and money in the bank. And his wife's family and his own parents buy the three Bartimole children shoes and other presents from time to time.

Roldo Bartimole attended Northeastern University in Boston on the GI bill, worked part-time in the *Boston Globe* sports department while a student, and served stints on several other East Coast papers, including one which he left after the editors grew jittery over his slum housing exposés. Bartimole heard good things about the *Plain Dealer* from people he "sort of respected." So he came to this city where Rockefeller had prospered—hoping to write "a lot about urban problems, education, civil rights, housing."

Instead, Bartimole says, he ended up "running from meeting to meeting" and cranking out what he considered worthless human interest stories. "Kid Gets Caught in Ice Box.' You go out and talk to the parents. . . . I don't think you should put people through the bother of having to answer a reporter's question on most of those things."

Bartimole left the *Plain Dealer* for the Akron area's anti-poverty program but grew disgusted with its board of

directors. They came largely from social agencies which he didn't think were doing the job. According to Bartimole, the paper invited him back—this time to the welfare beat. He found it more tolerable than general assignment. The editors let him do "full-page stories about poverty and other issues," Bartimole says. And, he recalls, Vail said, "Great job."

Bartimole, however, disagreed. He resented Vail's reported claim that the *Plain Dealer* stories were better than similar ones on which New York *Herald Tribune* men had spent four weeks. Hearing of Bartimole's pipe lines into inner-city ghettos, *The Wall Street Journal* offered him a Cleveland bureau job, and he bit.

At an urban affairs conference the day after Martin Luther King was killed, Bartimole found university professors more worried about post-assassination riots than about poverty, racism and the other causes. "That was

IN PERSON

Roldo Bartimole is no stranger to *The Nation*. With Murray Gruber, he wrote "Cleveland: Recipe for Violence" (June 26, 1967). Two years later (July 14, 1969), the foreboding of that piece was borne out in Bartimole's "The Glenville Shoot-Out: Bad Day in Cleveland."

like the final thing," says Bartimole, who also disliked the day-to-day business news he had to file, along with in-depth features. "I couldn't go back to a typewriter and do my daily job with any real feeling about doing it." So, more indignant about the limitations of orthodox journalism than about the *Journal* in particular, Bartimole quit.

What do Bartimole's bosses think of him? At the *Plain Dealer* Vail never returned the calls of a reporter who left word he was inquiring about Bartimole. Managing editor Bob Burdock, who wasn't working for the paper during Bartimole's time there, confesses to reading Xeroxed issues of *Point of View*. But he says: "I don't think anybody around here takes him seriously." Clayton Sutton, retired Cleveland bureau chief of *The Wall Street Journal*, questioned the value of a story about Bartimole. According to Sutton, Bartimole was "an adequate reporter and left voluntarily."

Bartimole started *Point of View* with help from friends. One, an ad agency art director, reversed the *e* in the *point of view* at the top of the front page—in recognition of the difference between Bartimole's opinions and those of most Clevelanders! He recruited subscribers from "mailing lists from different organizations, reports and committees and that sort of stuff."

He hoped that *Point of View*, unrestricted by conventional journalistic teachings about objectivity, could show the real problems of Cleveland. He says business executives think: Why should business stay in the city when—just look at it—there's the racial problem . . . the pollution problem . . . the obsolete factories . . . the inadequate transportation . . . the high taxes . . . the high land costs. . . . The manpower already had moved out to the suburbs. So, says Bartimole, business wants to leave Cleveland—

and the problems that industry made worse while making money.

Bartimole contends that businessmen don't want to pay the taxes necessary for urban renewal. In fact he thinks they use private charity to draw attention away from more expensive solutions. He blasts local news media for not exposing such "charity cheats." According to him, some of United Torch's biggest corporate backers squeeze "Fair Shares" from workers while personally contributing little or nothing. United Torch no longer lists sizes of individual contributions, and Bartimole just might be the reason.

But isn't Bartimole at times rather rough on his targets? His manners, in and out of print, certainly won't dazzle the radical chic. Yet he offers some justification for his brashness when he explains that he flung question after question at an executive without waiting for answers following "the most patronizing bullshit speech . . . I ever heard." Declares Bartimole: "It's really not fair to high-ranking officials, public and private, to be treated with the reverence most people bestow upon them. They get the false feeling that they are superior, but it's partly our fault, too. So I feel sort of obliged, particularly in the case of business leaders, to help them with their humility."

Asked to define the operating philosophy behind *Point of View*, Bartimole says: "It's not that I expected to make any great changes or have measurable impact. It's just something that I hope—with other kinds of efforts that are being made in society by other people and groups—will eventually produce the kinds of changes I'm talking about."

"Other people and groups" include, say, Cesar Chavez or the "environmental movement"—"any kind of social protest." And "changes" include "the ability to express oneself freely and the right not to have to starve in a free society. And . . . I think it's a change to . . . values that take into account people more than things, that give higher priority to human values than property values and then move away from the kind of consumer society that we have. . . ."

Bartimole, however, says of "philosophy": "I don't even like the word because it connotes serious thought and reasoned planning. I went into *Point of View* with relatively little thought as to success or failure or how I would sustain the publication. Or the family. I think people need to have struggle in their lives. I don't want, for example, to make life 'easier for my children.' It may be old-fashioned or my Catholic upbringing, but I still believe struggle adds to character, provided the struggle is worth while, naturally."

So, in philosophy or lack of one, has Roldo Bartimole left the world of the butcher shop entirely behind? With his condemnation of tax loopholes, of "welfare" for the rich, of fat-cat "charity cheats," of the "consumer society," the small-time publisher might be sticking up for an older America, as some McGovernites fancied themselves doing. But Bartimole isn't preaching a way of life. He's living it—as the irrepressible muckraker whom a local magazine once called "Cleveland's knight in rusty armor." □

BOOKS & THE ARTS

The Adversary in the Mirror

THE DISINHERITED: Journal of a Palestinian Exile. By Fawaz Turki. Monthly Review Press. 156 pp. \$5.95.

THE FACE OF DEFEAT: Palestinian Refugees and Guerrillas. By David Pryce-Jones. Holt, Rinehart and Winston. 192 pp. \$5.95.

LEONARD KRIEGL

The liberation of Western intellectuals from the uncomfortable burdens of philo-Semitism, borne so uncomplainingly since the revelations about the final solution began to filter out of Europe in 1944, was among the legacies of the Israeli military triumph now known as the Six Day War. Israeli military power swept through the Western psyche almost as efficiently as it swept through the Sinai Desert, leaving behind a significant number of radicalized intellectuals in whom an amorphous philo-Semitism was now enveloped by an equally amorphous anti-Zionism. History has many cunning corridors; some of them seem to have become echo chambers. Sartre did not have a Sovietized Poland in mind when he wrote of how the anti-Semite would be forced to invent the Jew if he did not have him. And even the most fervently anti-Zionist Jewish radical must be touched by the terror of memory when he hears of young German "revolutionaries" speaking about their need to get over "this Jewish thing."

Whether it is Israel that has made Jews once again unfashionable or the Jews who have made Israel unfashionable seems to me a point warranting more discussion than it has yet received. In any case, soon after the Six Day War, the cause of the Palestinians had drawn to it some strange political bedfellows. Homeless and exiled, the Palestinian refugees suddenly found themselves "mascots for the cause-mongers over their shoulders, for the cinema teams of modish young bullies with fierce hair and girls in tailored denims, for the anonymous promoters who ride in cars with CD plates, the perpetual expense-account set, those who mount someone else's cause on someone else's money." David Pryce-Jones might have added that they have a habit of spilling someone else's blood, too. In any case, it was not the fault of the refugees that they were embraced by the *cinéma-vérité* enthusiasts who had

little to lose but their boredom. Nor was it the fault of the Israeli soldiers, whose characteristically unmilitant reaction to their victories was movingly recorded in *The Seventh Day*. The process of adoption was simple enough. One merely exchanged the once fashionable cause of Jewish "redemption" for the current

cause of Palestinian "redemption." And one indulged in Maoist slogans, large generalizations, and a self-conscious cruelty in which the Zionist took the place of the Jew as the necessary pariah.

And yet, even as one expresses contempt for those who are now dropping the Palestinians for more fashionable

STUDENT POETRY AWARDS

THE NATION is pleased to announce the winners of its first Student Poetry Contest.

First Prize of \$100: a tie between JEAN FERACA, University of Kentucky, for "Heart-Attack"

and

RICARDO DA SILVEIRA LOBO STERNBERG, University of California at Los Angeles, for "Poem from a Line of Rubén Dário."

Second Prizes of \$50 each: ANNEMARIE SAVAGE, University of Montana, for "Letter to Grandfather."

JANE HIRSHFIELD, Princeton University, for "Love Poem."

The following are awarded Honorable Mention:

Lucy S. Evans, University of Wisconsin, for "The Ward" and "Germfask."

Hank Lazer, University of Virginia, for "Between."

David T. Newcomb, Muskegon Community College, for "Roethke —Spring 1973."

The four prize-winning poems will be published in a forthcoming issue of THE NATION.

Judges were the poets David Ignatow, Harvey Shapiro, William Jay Smith, and Grace Schulman, Poetry Editor of THE NATION.

The Poetry Contest, announced in our issue of April 2, was open to any student, graduate or undergraduate, enrolled full time in a college, university, junior or community college who submitted original, previously unpublished works. The award winners will be invited to read their poems at a public recital sponsored by the Poetry Society of America, the date and place to be announced.

We wish to express our gratitude for the nearly 5,000 submissions we received from students, and to repeat our regret that these manuscripts cannot be returned.

causes, the tragic dilemma which David Pryce-Jones describes as "the unbearable symmetry of one nation of refugees establishing itself on top of another" remains the legacy of Palestinian and Israeli alike. If the rhetoric grows increasingly hollow and the inhumanity of the "liberators" grows increasingly apparent ("Don't get me wrong," pleads *The New Yorker* staff writer after he has chortled over the *fedayeen's* "success" at last year's Olympic Games, "my wife is Jewish. I'm not an anti-Semite."), the camps and all that the camps represent transcend rhetoric. *They* are the reality with which all of us must deal.

The *fedayeen* will continue to be praised by those for whom their impotence must remain a source of bewilderment. The paradox of people who call themselves Socialists trying to convince themselves that Yasser Arafat, his credentials established by the reactionary Moslem Brotherhood, is a "radical" leader as he goes begging to King Faisal of Saudi Arabia, makes sense only in a world in which the conservative board chairmen of major oil companies ally themselves with the stalwarts of the Third World in their antipathy to "Zionist Israel." In the upside-down world of the Middle East, the Israelis have established a theocratic state, whereas Arafat Qaddafi and Faisal are apparently the true democrats. Still, by now it should be apparent even to journalists who breathe the rarified air of *The New Yorker* that Israel is not going to be defeated by the Palestinian guerrilla army. As Marx and J. P. Morgan understood, the allegiance of capital is to the profit ledger. If the Israelis are ever driven into the sea, it will not be because of the rhetoric of Ahmed Shukeiry or Yasser Arafat. Oil is to the world what cotton was to the ante-bellum Southern United States.

That world has been savage to the Palestinians. Any book which seeks to clarify their situation must be welcomed. But the paradox of their situation is that it is difficult to see them as they see themselves. Both of these books deal with the Palestinians and their problems, but to read them together is to see again how easily the political mind is capable of self-deception. Fawaz Turki is a Palestinian, and his voice in *The Disinherited* is the voice of exile. David Pryce-Jones is an English novelist and journalist, who brings to his work a refined eye and an obvious compassion for both sides in the Arab-Israeli struggle. He himself has no quick and easy solutions to the enormous

problems involved in that struggle. What we discover in *The Disinherited* and *The Face of Defeat* are the same events seen from angles of vision which are not merely different but probably irreconcilable. Turki has been dispossessed and his anger at Nasser and his fellow "Arabs" is more scathing than his anger at Golda Meir and the Israelis. That is perhaps the sole perspective he and Pryce-Jones share. Fawaz Turki wishes to "isolate our problem from the Arab-Israeli dispute." Pryce-Jones tells us that the problem is no longer even historical. The Arab-Israeli struggle has created its own mythology; it is no longer "a matter for the record and may never be until it is as legendary as Moses' crossing of the Red Sea and the drowning of Pharaoh's chariots." Truth and reality are not merely arguable—they are, in a manner of speaking, functionally nonexistent. "Propaganda, which may nonetheless be the truth, or may have become the truth or even more than truth, appeals to its public for moral endorsement to keep on going as before." Turki quotes Menachem Begin and bewails the fate of the Palestinians massacred at Deir-Yassin; Pryce-Jones remembers Deir-Yassin but he also remembers Shukeiry's threats and the massacres at Ben Jehuda Street or the Mandate massacre of the Jews of Hebron. Arafat is Turki's living symbol of "the New Palestinians," while Pryce-Jones can scarcely contain his contempt for this "real now-man" who decorates "the cover of *Time* magazine."

When Fawaz Turki speaks directly about his life in *The Disinherited*, the book is a deeply moving document. He is another of the vast legion of the 20th century's homeless and exiled. Tracing his descent into shame as he finds himself an outcast in the eyes of the world and a pariah in the eyes of his fellow Arabs, he discovers regeneration

in recognizing himself as a Palestinian. The source of his dispossession is less important than its reality. Arguments about whether his family and his fellow Palestinians were driven out by Israeli armies or by the promises of Arab heads of state to drive the Jews into the sea are by now fruitless and academic, just as the question of whether or not the Palestinians constitute a nation has become academic. A people becomes a nation when a consciousness of itself as a nation takes root. And the evidence in both of these books affirms that the Israelis are eventually going to have to make some accommodation with the Palestinians, whose own consciousness of themselves has taken on an increasingly "Zionist" tone, one that sometimes seems to have been lifted from the painful pages of Diaspora literature. Reading *The Disinherited*, one understands better what David Pryce-Jones means when he writes:

Whatever the rights of the Israelis, Arabs once possessed Palestine. Whatever the rights of the Arabs, Israelis now possess it. Instead of ghettos, these camps. Instead of an identity, a diaspora. "Our hope is not yet lost to return to the land of our fathers." So begins the Israeli national anthem but its sentiment is Palestinian. The subject revolves, like history itself, looking for a solution, for a moral. The refugees remain where they are.

Identity alone proves to be insufficient. Solutions offered are already embalmed in revolutionary romanticism. The *fedayeen* and their supporters quote Mao and Che and Ho Chi Minh—himself once an admirer of the Israelis—but as Pryce-Jones notes, and as even some *fedayeen* will admit, in the deserts of Israel and Jordan, "Maoist theory has been tested and found wanting." Golda Meir is not a Thieu, Dayan is not a Ky, and the Israeli population is not waiting to be "liberated."

SUICIDE NOTE

*It's not that I'm out of touch—
a child stranded on a shoal
looking back without feeling
at the grownups still playing on the beach.*

*It's just that everyone else's
needs seem so urgent!
Already I've ceased to exist
at my end of this conversation—*

*And I wanted to defend you!
The telephone is the invader.
Wreath of electrodes! Love!*

No trespassing beyond this point. Anyone found here with dog
or gun will be

Jane Cooper

Leonard Kriegel is the author of *Edmund Wilson* (Southern Illinois University Press). He teaches at the City College of New York.

Fawaz Turki concludes his book, which is personal in its appeal, with a chapter title that repeats Lenin's famous "What Is to Be Done?" It is here that he is forced into a rhetorical eloquence which, whether intentionally or not, disguises the fact that he is not on very solid ground. He remains a Third World revolutionary who doesn't quite believe in that future he has outlined for himself and for others. It is the others, both Jew and Arab, who are the problem. It is always the others. One wonders what his reaction is to the emergence of such oil-rich anachronisms as Faisal and Qaddafi in the Arab world. The problem of the guerrillas is that they have grown dependent upon such "spokesmen" even as men such as Turki condemn the "trap of racism and blind hate in which both Zionists and Arabs were caught." There is an Israeli joke—"If Moses had made a right instead of a left, we would have had the oil and they would have had the scenery"—which Palestinians could quote with ironic approval. Within the Arab world, the Palestinians are essentially suppliants. To write, "The fate of the West Bank, the Gaza Strip, Jerusalem, and the national destiny of the Palestinian people is an exclusively Palestinian concern," is one thing; to create an atmosphere in which that "exclusive concern" is recognized by others is quite another. Concern in the 20th century remains the prerogative of power, and power, as Jewish history so painfully teaches, is rarely wielded in the name of morality.

For the present, the *fedayeen* are relatively ineffectual. As an armed force, they have been thoroughly beaten both by the Israelis and Hussein's legions. The cause-mongers and the cinema teams have disappeared from their camps. They have made significant gains only in the area of world opinion, but one of the other lessons of Jewish history is that world opinion is not all it is cracked up to be. After having created, at least in part, the Palestinian cause and kept it alive throughout the 1950s, the Arab states now suspect that the cause of the Palestinians may not be the cause of the Arabs. Jordan wants the West Bank for itself, not for an independent Palestinian state; Egyptian rhetoric demands the liberation of Egyptian territory, not the handing over of Sinai to the dispossessed masses of Gaza; and the Israelis, fearful of being sold out in the name of oil, and conscious of the realities of Jewish history, strive desperately to make themselves militarily self-sufficient. The idea of the nation-state haunts the area, as it haunts the entire Third World.

Each of these books seems to me excellent, and each of them should be read by anyone who wishes to see the

dimensions of a problem which has caused so many men of good will to give in to hopelessness and despondency.

How did it come about that a whole nation found itself suddenly in exile and its two million people afflicted by defeat, hunger, and humiliation, repudiated by men, despised by host countries and forgotten by the world, left to live as pariah refugees, their disinherited souls empty of hope and devoid of meaning? How did it come about that they accepted with a stoic calm the vagaries of homelessness and the agonies of destitution? How did it come about that a versatile and ingenious people continued for many years to provoke, in their lifestyle and attitudes, identification with backwardness, illiteracy, stagnation, and an inability or unwillingness to transcend their plight? Why is it that they created a space around themselves which left no way out of this plight, no way around it or through it?

Fawaz Turki does not mean these sentences to be either ironic or rhetorical. But how else can a Jew, no matter how sympathetic he may be to the Palestinian people, read them? For me, and for so many Jews of my generation, both those who consider themselves Zionists and those at variance with Zionism, the Holocaust is the central event of 20th-century history. It is not merely that it denies the liberal humanistic clichés we were brought up to believe but it created a condition into which we, rather than the rest of the world, were plunged. That is why the re-emergence of Russian anti-Semitism booms so loudly in those historical corridors. For Fawaz Turki, on the other hand, the Holocaust can be summed up in the phrase, "the tragedy of the concentration camps." For Turki, the Holocaust can be only a statistic, for he can no more permit it to enter his mind as a reality than I can permit the spectacle of Egyptian bombers pounding Biafran hospitals to enter mine. For Turki, Zionism is the Manichean creature of Theodore Herzl's "European" mentality. In Amos Elon's study, *The Israelis*, he notes how unreal the Arab inhabitants of Palestine were to those young Jewish Socialists who came not to a country but to a dream of redemption. In Zionist thought, the people without a land had returned to their land without its people. Their blindness was to produce tragic consequences, but one can no more blame them than one can blame the second and the third generation of Palestinian refugees who dream of recovering mythical estates in a land "stolen" from their fathers and grandfathers. A balance of terror may be provided by Palestinians and Jews, but one searches in vain for a balance of truth. The Israelis are now as unreal to the Palestinians as the Arabs were to the early Zionist settlers.

And yet, one must somehow get beyond the despair, the hopelessness, the excruciating ironies of Middle Eastern politics. The "unbearable symmetry" that Pryce-Jones speaks about must be made bearable.

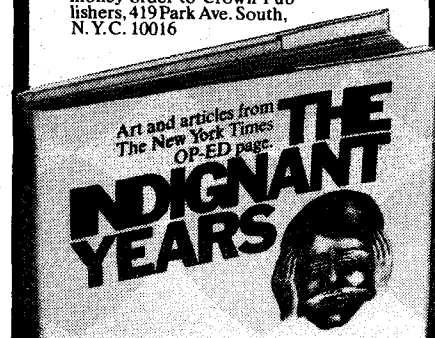
Those among us who claim to believe in the rights of all peoples to self-determination tend to create open-and-shut situations in our own minds. Politics imitates life in at least one particular—it is never quite so clear cut. Confronted by Israelis, Palestinians, Biafrans, Nigerians, all of them demanding what we are theoretically so willing to give, we squirm within our own confusions. Justice for one side turns out to mean oppression for the other. We are not helped by the hollowness of Third World rhetoric or its extravagant political gestures: Castro, now as much a beggar for Soviet largesse as Arafat is for Arab oil largesse, breaks relations with Israel—while, no doubt, from the air-conditioned luxury of his Third World nonaligned Algerian resort hotel, General Amin, that admirer of Hitler, applauds. One can only hope that ultimately the voices of all "native sons" will be heard in the Middle East. Fawaz Turki can be heard in New York, in Paris, in Jerusalem. But I wonder whether he will ever be heard in Cairo and Riyadh. □

Art and articles from *The New York Times* OP-ED page

Edited and with an introduction by
HARRISON E. SALISBURY
with DAVID SCHNEIDERMAN.
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The Proper Study of Mankind

THE HUMAN NATURE INDUSTRY.
By Ward Cannel and June Macklin. Anchor Press/Doubleday & Co. 306 pp. \$7.95.

WALTER ARNOLD

What sounds like a book, looks like a book, and isn't a book? *The Human Nature Industry* is one answer. If Marshall McLuhan turns out to be right about the death of "print culture" and the end of reading, this would be the sort of thing to publish. Since it is unreadable, no one should ever have to read it. Perhaps it wasn't meant to be read, just made, another expendable product of the industry it purports to depict.

Through eleven chapters of coy prose the authors pursue the overwhelming question. But what human nature is seems to baffle or bore most of the live sources they first explore. They therefore go from consulting experts to consulting books and folk wisdom, then to consulting themselves, and manage to come up with three specious species where one real one would do: Homo Tinkerectus, Homo Inherens and Homo Exchangensis, if you please. The authors finally muster enough courage to pronounce the idea of human nature real. And the blue flower blooms on.

Actually, I can imagine a very good kind of book on the human nature industry, one which would deal with what this one says it does: "how human nature is manufactured, distributed, advertised, and consumed in the United States and parts of Canada." For although the idea of human nature is a gaseous essence and eludes the grasp like fog, it has a compelling odor and is exploitable by a host of entrepreneurs who try to dissipate it or bottle it up for sale. Esalen, for example, has become a kind of blue chip in a human nature stock market. There is hardly an image of "the truly human" so strained and ridiculous that it has not found some eminent mandarin to promote it. This state of affairs surely calls for a Swift, or at least a Nader.

Alas, the book at hand doesn't begin to do the much needed, serious or satirical job of examining the assumptions and values of the anthroposophical moguls. Indeed, I find it impossible to say just what it does, since I can discover in it no coherent statement of plan, investigation, argument or conclusion. All the more astounding to see the Rockefeller

Walter Arnold is an editor in a book publishing firm in New York. His reviews and articles have appeared in Commonweal and The New York Times.

Foundation thanked in the acknowledgments for supporting this "research and report." What research? What report? No wonder the big foundations are the subject of increasing skepticism.

The authors are oddly, even interestingly collaborative. Mr. Cannel is a journalist, a former newspaper correspondent and columnist; Dr. Macklin is a professor of anthropology. Certainly both their professions have contributed to the myths surrounding their common subject. One might legitimately have expected an entertaining, if not a conclusive book from them. Instead what one gets is a patchwork of puerile observations, interspersed with snatches of conversations or quotations from the writings of nearly every captain, living or dead, of the *soi-disant* "industry." From time to time this mixture is stirred by a portentous commonplace: "So that is how a working model of human nature works. It

provides you with a frame of meaning and puts you in the picture."

All in all, the book says more about the publishing industry than it does about the human nature industry. Voltaire remarked that the world is made ignorant by the mere abundance of books, and this is one that would prove him right. There are certainly too many bad or non-books like this published. The blind mechanical or logistical "requirements" of company size, productivity, and growth account for some of the absurd pileup. At that, too many demonstrably worthwhile books cannot be found in bookshops, particularly if they are more than six months old. And if publishers cut back on the number of "titles" they issue, often it is the better ones that get cut. Richard Simon, in a letter of 1936 found in his partner M. Lincoln Schuster's prematurely opened "box for future generations," said, "The books we publish now will be mostly forgotten." That is not really the problem. The problem is that so many books should have been forgotten before they were published. □

Legacy of the Middle Passage

A WOMAN NAMED SOLITUDE. *By André Schwarz-Bart. Translated from the French by Ralph Manheim. Atheneum. \$5.95. 179 pp.*

ALAN CHEUSE

Blacks and specialists in black studies for a long while have been the only serious students of the terrifying history of the Middle Passage. But now that André Schwarz-Bart, author of *The Last of the Just*, has shifted his attention from the persistence of the European Jewish community to the endurance of African slaves on the French-owned island of Guadeloupe, Western readers have access to a work of historical fiction in which outrage at the costs of the slave system is combined with an expert's awareness of its intricacies. Like the little known but much admired novel about the Haitian Revolution, Alejo Carpentier's *The Kingdom of This World*, André Schwarz-Bart's book brings the horrors of New World slavery much closer home than all the monuments and most of the textbooks that have preceded it.

The first section of Schwarz-Bart's narrative is titled "Bayangumay," and depicts the everyday life of the Diola tribe of the west coast of Africa in simple but nonpastoral prose. The Diola are a

people for whom truthful words "hold up the house," and they live in a world of immanent values, where nature and history cannot be separated. The infant Bayangumay is assured that life will be a series of meaningful cycles that will link her both with the earth and with the past. "Like the successive images that appear on the surface of a river and are carried away by the current only to be reborn," Bayangumay is tied to her grandmother Pongwé

who in turn had been the reflection of an earlier grandmother, who in turn had been the reflection of a still earlier grandmother, and so on, and so on. . . .

Although Bayangumay matures, falls in love with a childhood rival, marries a tribal elder, and finds the world frightening only in bad dreams, the river of life becomes diverted from its course in her generation. When roving slave hunters destroy her village with fire and iron, she is ripped from the dreamlike existence of Mother Africa, marched to the coast, and packed between the decks of a French slave ship. Bayangumay tries to commit suicide by swallowing her tongue, but she survives the crossing to arrive in a bitter New World. In this fallen realm, where masters and slaves are "riveted to a chain that bound them more closely than love," the Diola belief in continuity as a succession of images on the surface of a river is replaced by the plantation

Alan Cheuse teaches literature at Bennington College.

owner's practice of making entries in a ledger whose list

of "hands" had been established once and for all, and the names of the dead were transferred to the living who, when the time came, yielded them up with their souls.

Thus Bayangumay is sold to a master who gives her the name "Bobette," and the daughter of which she is delivered later that year—the spawn of a mass rape by French sailors during the final weeks of the sea voyage—is called, according to the law of the ledger, "Rosalie."

The second, and major, section of the novel is an account of the progress of Bayangumay's daughter from early life until her execution by the French as an insurrectionist on April 29, 1802. Her trials begin when Bayangumay—"Bobette," unable to bear the tortures of slavery any longer, runs off into the mountains, leaving young "Rosalie," a beautiful, coffee-colored child with one dark eye and the other "light-green, as though belonging to two different persons," alone in a world she never made. It was at this point, according to the local storytellers from whom our narrator heard this part of her tale (and after whom he models the plain but sensuous style of his own account), that she became a zombie, one of those human beings "whose souls had deserted them: they were still alive but the soul was gone." Branded by master after master like a beast of burden, young "Rosalie," we are told, one day "put her own mark on her shoulders, in a manner of speaking." Affronted by a poor white who accosts her as she works naked in the fields and asks her to identify herself, she replies, "My name is Solitude."

By this point in Schwarz-Bart's moving reconstruction of the transformation of the cipher "Rosalie" into the woman named Solitude, it becomes clear that for him, as for Herodotus, true history is that which gives us the past as it applies to our own present condition. For even as the forces of the French Revolution arrive on Guadeloupe to liberate (although only for a short period of time) all the island's slaves, Solitude finds herself "free" in name only. A zombie in search of her soul, she moves through a series of unrewarding relationships among the lowland blacks and eventually finds herself indentured to a highland plantation as the forces of reaction begin to modify the terms of freedom of mulattoes and blacks. Not until a roving band of black insurrectionists attacks the plantation does she flee, like her mother, to the mountains.

There, high above the sea, she begins to practice that variety of self-therapy

which Schwarz-Bart earlier dramatized in the resistance of the condemned Jews of the Warsaw ghetto, and which Frantz Fanon found among the revolutionaries of the FLN. She is adopted by a guerrilla band led by a Mandingo black named Sanka. They nurse the rotting flesh where chains once scraped her ankles and give her the mental space that permits the healing of the wounds she bears in her mind. One day, quite on her own, she kills a French soldier, and a revolutionary is born. After Sanka dies in battle, she takes over the leadership of the band and roams the high mountains and forbidden forests in the company of her new family and a Congolese lover named Maimouni. "The days that followed were luminous," we hear, as Solitude finds at last a way of being that reflects the pride, power and certainty of old Africa:

The dry season was at an end. Yellow shapes rolled through the sky, rising and falling in multicolored droplets that caressed the back of your eyes. Far below, the sea smiled in its sleep, the mountain crags were silver, the trees glittered and breathed indistinct sounds, and the living skins of the black women seemed covered with mirrors. Everything was so new on earth, so fresh to your eyes, your fingers, your nostrils that it was hard to believe; you couldn't

help wondering if it was a dream.

Although fighting bitterly against the French Army and the black National Guard, Solitude, pregnant with Maimouni's child, finds in her final weeks of liberty a calm her mother knew only as a young child. Just before her capture (she was not guillotined until she was delivered of her child, according to the records Schwarz-Bart used as his source for this final period of her existence), she has a vision which eclipses Bayangumay's American nightmare of enslavement and desolation, a vision

of children running in all directions and women dancing in a ring as they sang in tones of joy, nostalgia, and despair:

At Morne-à-L'Eau,

At Morne-à-L'Eau,

The moon shut out the sun.

Schwarz-Bart's vision is no less moving. Having successfully synthesized the accounts of history and fable, ledger and legend, he has added a unique volume to that slim shelf of books whose words "hold up the house." Moreover, he has given a name to the millions who died as mere entries in a slaver's register, and a voice to those who freed themselves from bondage by swallowing their tongue. □

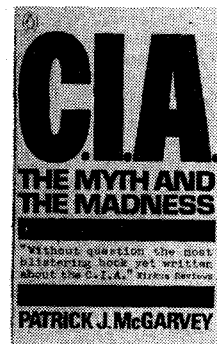
IN PAPERBACK!

"Without question the most blistering book yet written about the C.I.A."—Kirkus Reviews

C.I.A.

The Myth and the Madness
by Patrick J. McGarvey

This insider's view of the C.I.A. makes many surprising disclosures (among them that the C.I.A. stole a Soviet Sputnik). But Patrick J. McGarvey's main purpose is to shatter myths by revealing the day-to-day reality of American intelligence work. At bookstores, \$1.65



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Helsinki

The workshop of Alvar Aalto seems more shrine than office. The studio of the last hero-pioneer of modern architecture is a place for soft tread, soft lead. Hero seekers must muffle their steps. Those looking for black ink and certainties will find pale thin pencil point drawings, more tentative and faint than the master's status would suggest.

But the reserved genius who should share history's pedestal with Frank Lloyd Wright and Mies van der Rohe, with Gropius and Le Corbusier, is neither quiet nor muffled in his native land. Nor are the visitors who come to call upon the architect and must settle for the studio visit. "A hundred this week," our guide says wearily. Later we see a tourist bus lumber up the shaded suburban street without coming to a dead stop. Visitors must not interrupt what is, after all, a working office: blowups of projects on the wall, rolls of blueprints, drafting boards. No writer can intrude upon the shy presiding guru of Finnish architecture. "Letters have 'rarity-value,'" a colleague writes. Statements for the cataloguing of his work in 1970—the last glimpse of Aalto for U.S. audiences—read as if pulled in pain. "The truth about building is in building, not talk" has been Aalto's maxim. So be it.

Aalto's architecture is everywhere in Helsinki. At 75, the Finnish master is in a show at the Finnish Museum of Architecture. He is in the grand design for a new underground and the downtown area and in a marble culture hall called Finlandia. He is in every aspect of his nation's architecture.

Alas, he is not to be in the United States. The Museum of Modern Art, scheduled to stage a show of his work next spring in New York, canceled it for lack of funds. It is a pity because never has there been a time more ready to appreciate that show, and Aalto's art.

Aalto's virtues float down upon you here like the light that dusts this splendid studio. The slatted wooden walls curving before you are a motif for an architecture that mimics nature's folds and variety; that treats the right angle as a mechanical necessity or solution, not as dogma. The clerestories above and the slit windows to the side are signs of a courtship of light: light to radiate and warm man, light to nurture the vines trailing up the whitewashed walls. The rooms that turn to fan around an inner courtyard, too, are a trademark; as is the

courtyard. "Interior decoration and external embellishments are attempts to compensate for the lack of contact between us and the natural environment," Aalto has long said. So here is nature, or nature framed by suburbia.

"Wouldn't you like to sit there for awhile?" someone in the office invites us as we look out a large glass window at the inner greenery. The sloping rocky courtyard is staged to perfection. It is a peaceful place, almost devotional. "People come and sit here for hours," he says. "Especially the Japanese." One is reminded of Japanese gardens, and of oriental temples.

Working in this busy shrine, twenty sub-architects execute Aalto's sketches—here, a second plan for Helsinki; there, a theatre in Lapland; elsewhere, churches and universities. "It's all like a family," says a "family" architect.

Somehow, word filters forth from this family and makes Aalto a father figure, perhaps, for a larger family of man. For in an era of the universal design—the simple single answer, adaptable to all times, all climes—Aalto insists on the superb, complex, here-only specific. Where other masters become salesmen, spokesmen and theoreticians, Aalto speaks through his architecture. Alone among the successful revolutionaries of early 20th-century architecture, Aalto has not become a true public figure. Alone, likewise, he has not undergone attack. Le Corbusier-in-extremis earns criticism for the excesses of his followers and the changing times; Mies for the slick sterility of his business disciples; Gropius for an aesthetic that never quite matched his teachings; and even Wright for a too anti-urban, too quixotic answer.

But Aalto—unseen sometimes and, yes, unheard from—fits the era. His lack of dogma, his pragmatic functionalism, even perhaps his parochialism, appeal anew. Our age wants to counter the culture of bombast; it finds new meanings in Aalto's hedging, his philosophy of doubt: "Is happy living really guaranteed by the small house in a large park or the undisturbed privacy of a family or by the densely packed great city?" Aalto asks where others declaim. Young architects applaud the designer-as-existentialist, the democrat.

"I like Aalto's architecture," says Ernst Anton Hüsser, a young Swiss architect in his office. "It's so possible. He speaks to everyone, even the small model maker; he speaks to the King of Denmark. His range is so wide." Aalto's work is modest and humanistic yet elegant. Polish your shoes before you dare sit in a

chaste metal chair by Breuer. But take off your coat and tie for an Aalto arm-chair. Set his bleached wood stool in the sun. Perch carelessly on the scrubbable linoleum seat. "I see farmers, everyone, sitting on them," Hüsser goes on. "He is so possible."

Possible, of course, but beyond the possible, the splendid ease and eloquence of his inventions—Aalto's formal contributions to the style of the age. Is the right angle too much with us? Aalto posits the spiral, the wedge set into a hillside, the sky shot through asymmetric windows, the curve. Ho hum, we sigh, to the International Style that boxes the world. As if in answer, Aalto has given us the quirky, lopsided beauty of the church at Imatra.

Aalto is the virtuoso of the century: he can "do" the International Style with the best of them. His Paimio Sanitarium, 1929, was a first in that mode for Finland and a model of the idiom: logical, proportioned, impersonal—and then some. The "then some" (therapeutic colors, indirect lighting, bentwood furniture) helped bring the young architect fame. He could fit the façade of "Iron House," 1951, into the streetscape with the most urbanistic, yet settle factories in the primitive lands of the north with the naturalists.

Tactile, environmental values reign in his work. Aalto uses building materials as an artist mixes media: brick, glass and wood accent one another here; copper enters there. Aalto's stuffs are so integrated that they seem Finland's itself. If he lives long enough, maybe even marble—the costly coverall of his establishment years—will seem common as clay. Or, as common as wood: the slatted ceilings, the vertical boards, the louvers that are Aalto fingerprints.

There are also the larger handprints of his style: the gentle contrasts between light and dark, hard and soft; the balance of the natural (wood) and the industrial (metal), each enhancing the other. Uniquely, Aalto has forged the products of the assembly line (standardized windows) and the custom-designed (furniture and fixtures) into the landscape. Unique, too, was his early commitment to the environment.

That environment remains Finland. This dim and lightless northland binds Aalto as it did his predecessors. More than any other European nation, the country of 4.5 million is a physical inheritance. This land, where tiny towns poke up like the sudden outcroppings of native rock; where 80,000 lakes, and forests and hills, make the city grid seem an unnatural act, holds Aalto's sources: the old fishing huts, the rough frame houses, the motley wooden scaling of churches appear refreshed in his

Jane Holtz Kay writes regularly for The Nation on architecture.

work. And the love of light—top lighting, side lighting, conical cutouts, high lights, low lights, all at once—must surely spring from the need to coax light out of the dark days of the northern winter.

Even Eliel Saarinen, Aalto's twin star of architecture and perhaps a greater pioneer, never escaped this Finnish past. However bold Saarinen's Helsinki station appears, it is rooted in the terrain and textures of indigenous architecture. In 1922, after Saarinen's *Chicago Tribune* building "freed the skyscraper from its Gothic disguise," Aalto's hero-predecessor himself moved to the United States.

Aalto, too, heard the call of America. In 1947, after his landmark work of the 1930s had insured fame at home, Aalto came to the United States to teach and design a building. He left a single memento—M.I.T.'s serpentine brick dormitory—and, in 1964, returned to leave another, a conference room in Manhattan's Institute of International Education.

America could claim Aalto only briefly. "He really had his career taped out for him," says former M.I.T. Dean Lawrence Anderson, then a young student. "I think American clients didn't know how good he was," Anderson adds. Aalto's later work skipped the United States as it skipped most of Europe. Competitions, requests, or wealthy clients like the Volkswagen people (who signed, sealed and delivered Wolfsburg) could lure Aalto, but only briefly. His concentration was Finland.

Why? Why not?, one might ask.

How many others could refuse to stay in this exalted land of architecture? Especially as king. The Finnish Museum of Architecture has run a show of Aalto's drawings for three months now; several rooms hold his designs and furniture. The museum walls hold files of Aalto photos, seven out of 140 drawers for the whole world. How many countries even have museums of architecture? And how many nations have treated the geniuses of the past—Gropius, van der Rohe, Le Corbusier—so well?

Moreover Finland is a country of craftsmen. Where else could Aalto see the designs and detailing he loves come alive; where else manufacture his own furniture and light fixtures; press a button for the specially fabricated dark red bricks of one building, the trapezoidal tables and circular skylights of a library, the curving metal handles of the major department store?

Perhaps this is not all to the good—not for Finland, not for Aalto's art, not for the world of architecture. Crispness may come from compromise. The search for answers for a sterner client or a smaller budget might stir

Aalto to ideas of broader use. Moreover, every Finnish architect feels Aalto keenly—too keenly. He is too big for so small a country. His scope causes architects (Arno Ervi and the late Viljo Revell come to mind) to form partnerships and rebel with too great vigor. Meanwhile his skill could use and serve a world of larger resources.

Aalto has passed three-quarters of a century at home. Fifty years after the Bauhaus and his own nation reckoned with the machine, he plies architecture as a small and patient craft for the lone worker. In his more engaged youth, Aalto did write; today, he is apolitical and does not even vote. A "kindly," much-loved man, a lover of wine and women and no ascetic in his private life, Aalto's nonverbal public life has cruelly hermitted him from those hungry to appreciate his genius. A hard-edged, assertive world is ready for his touch.

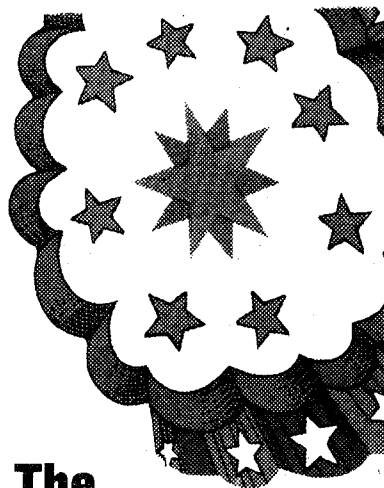
And yet: why should a master try to compete on the international marketplace at 75? The world's press scarcely registered that birthday last February. Appreciation comes when the world labels as "Scandinavian" what is often "Aalto." And outside work is a trouble. Aalto would be less than human, then, to resist the lures of the Peaceable Kingdom where he is king. On the other hand, we would be less than human not to deplore his seclusion. The early century's great generation of architects is gone and of his ilk, of his invention, who is left? Aalto maintains his separate peace at a cost to us all. □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

In the early 20th century there was a historical connection between art and revolution. In addition to the general leftish *esprit* of the intellectuals as a class, a specific case, that of Russian constructivism, seemed promising. If you were for "modernity," like Apollinaire, like Léger, like Mondrian, a future Socialist state seemed desirable and close to realization, merely delayed momentarily by the forces of reaction. It turned out that the Soviet Union had no place for the artists who thought that nothing would suit a new form of society better than a new form of art. However, the notion of the artist as a radical was retained, even when the political convictions on which the idea had been based collapsed in the 1940s. The artist was still revolutionary, but only in terms that were an unearned extension of what he was doing anyway. There was no

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longer any pressure "to hunger, work illegally, and be anonymous," as Auden put it.

In this phase of undemanding revolution, it was enough for the artist to (1) expand our perception of the world or to (2) prophesy coming events. The artist's image of the world often, in fact, followed what was already current, as with Bauhaus versions of technocracy, and the prophecies did not have to be verifiable. If the audience would only attend closely to the artist it would emerge with a new sensibility, attuned to what "the age demanded." Thus, the artist continued in his operational routines but through a mystique of communication his work was supposed to infuse the spectator with contemporary awareness. Somehow, we were supposed to be able to change the world, or to be predisposed toward the right kind of change, by the sight of primary colors, flashing lights or whatever.

Abstract artists benefited particularly from this notion of education for the future, because they had the satisfaction of doing what they wanted to do—paint without reference to the world—while being congratulated on the significance of their geometry, viewed as paradigms of order, or their gestures, viewed as organismic wholes. It is one of the ironies of 20th-century culture that every little internal shift of Abstract art styles, or of surrealism for that matter, has been equated with revolutionary shifts in social meaning. In retrospect, it is hard to see any connection between stylistic and social innovation. If anything, innovative art has been supported less by the agents of political change than by the proponents of the *status quo*.

Roger Fry, writing in 1917, noted accurately that "the revolution in art seems to be out of all proportion to any corresponding change in life as a whole." This state of affairs satisfied Fry because he believed that artists were "moving into a sphere more and more remote from that of the ordinary man." However, the separation of revolution into unrelated zones, one of social action and one of sensibility, is unsatisfactory and suggests that the term "revolution" is being stretched unnecessarily. The art styles called experimental have accommodated themselves perfectly to the process of widespread distribution and reproduction. The artists with their supposed implicit revolutionary message have enjoyed the support of those least interested in social change. We are presented therefore with the paradox of a conformist revolutionary style or perhaps a false revolutionary style.

Against this situation are some artists whose claims on society are revolutionary but whose works cannot be

affiliated with the former stylists of revolution. There are now a great many artists, some of them women, some of them black, who are putting a revolutionary pressure on society by revising the role of the artist, but without following the models of ambiguous style change. The fact that they are producing art and forcing its recognition is socially of the first importance and it makes the often recited inventory of formal breakthroughs—that is, the procession of stylistic revolutions without sociological impact—seem remote and idle. To take one example: Marcel Duchamp lived within the system no less than the Duke of Windsor and Cole Porter, and in fact the three had a fair amount in common. The stance that seems interesting now is that of artists who propose social as well as aesthetic revisions. Thus "Blacks: USA: 1973" (New York Cultural Center, until October 28), for all its calm in terms of style, is far more revolutionary in real terms than, say, another song by Gilbert and George or Duchamp's laborious last joke at Philadelphia or Jules Olitski's extension of Jackson Pollock's all-over paintings into color.

The separation of the concept of social change (which is the least that revolution is) from stylistic change is overdue. In the catalogue the director Mario Amaya comments: "In setting up 'Blacks: USA: 1973' we followed a new principle established by last season's 'Women Choose Women' exhibition in which artists were selected by members from

their own ranks." It is admirable to see Amaya who, in the Women's show, equivocated between being present "in an advisory capacity" while, at the same time, having the power to vote, now adopting, as normal procedure, the principle of self-determination. It is, I think, central to a new condition in the art world that the content of such an exhibition is a group's awareness of its identity over and above the stylistic references of the works themselves. What the artists have in common as an active group, rather than the definition of their work, according to formal criteria, is what provides the revolutionary potential of such exhibitions.

This is part of a wider interest, among artists and critics, in the social consequences of art. It is a move into what C.W. Morris called pragmatics, that is to say, the study of the relationship between signs and their users. In 1970 the impact on art criticism of the Cambodian invasion and the shootings at Kent State was expressed by Max Kozloff and Barbara Rose (at a Conference on Art Criticism and Art Education, arranged by New York University). Both critics' work changed subsequently. Lucy Lippard's propaganda for women's art, in place of the analytical criticism she wrote earlier, is another example of the politicizing of art criticism. We have now reached a point of self-awareness in which political action can no longer be claimed as a subliminal source of prestige for art that is not in fact political-oriented. □

THEATRE: BUDAPEST

HENRY POPKIN

This year, the new Hungarian drama looked exceptionally grim. Possibly my Budapest friends had agreed to direct me only to solemn plays, but I noticed that most of the more cheerful pieces in town were old Molnar plays or importations, like *Butterflies Are Free*, *Blithe Spirit* and Feydeau's *A Flea in Her Ear*. The big hit of the season was the first East European rock musical, *Imaginary Report on an American Pop Festival*. Nothing grim about that, you may think. The rock is real, the tunes are spirited (although one tune in particular keeps being reprised throughout the evening), the dancing is energetic and rather

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more orderly than any to be seen in *Hair* or any other Western rock musical, and the (mainly young) Hungarians in the audience are obviously delighted. On the other hand, the two Hungarians on stage are having a terrible time—I mean the two Hungarians in the plot who have somehow wandered into this American pop festival.

First of all, this is not just any rock festival but the one at Altamont at which Hell's Angels, acting as bodyguards for the Rolling Stones, killed a black in the audience. Into this American nightmare the book drops two Hungarian refugees, as out of place as two dashes of paprika in mom's apple pie. Esther and Joseph had fled Hungary in 1956 and settled in America, but their life is still disjointed. Seeking she knows not what, Esther goes off to Altamont, and Joseph follows her. (They would have to be the two oldest people at the festival, but no one seemed to care.) Esther makes the rounds with

a woman friend who has the costume and mannerisms of a stock stage Lesbian. (My Hungarian friends confided that this character was a Lesbian in the original novel but not in the play. Do tell.) Esther meets an evil male homosexual, who offers her a joint. One puff and she is ill. Perhaps operating on the hair-of-the-dog principle, he offers her heroin. She shoots up, and, by the time Joseph finds her, she is dying. It is hardly necessary to add that the East European stage is not very sophisticated in its treatment of sexual deviation, drugs and, I might add, rock festivals. The musical part of the show is entertaining enough to deaden the play's implicit attack on the rock scene.

One surprise: the book and the novel on which it is based are by Tibor Dery, a venerable Hungarian writer who has never been to America. I am not surprised that the author is an old man and that he has no first-hand knowledge of his subject but, after all, Dery wrote the two stories that were combined in that beautiful Hungarian film, *Love*, and I would have expected more of him. Still, I liked Gabor Presser's score well enough to go out and buy the record.

Budapest has better things to show—in particular, a new play by the best contemporary Hungarian dramatist, Istvan Orkény. It is a documentary drama called *The Silence of the Dead: Requiem for an Army* (Orkény collaborated with Istvan Nemeskurty, who has written a book on the subject). On a stage furnished only with chairs and tables, against a backdrop listing the names of the dead, twelve actors report to us the disaster that befell the Hungarian Army in World War II. Flying in the face of logic and of treaty obligations, with no territorial demands and no prospect of plunder, Hungary went to war on Hitler's side. The drama alternates between the confusion at the top and the miserable lot of the soldiers at the bottom, supplementing Nemeskurty's documents with Orkény's recollections.

Orkény served in this campaign, not as a soldier but in the battalion of slave laborers accompanying the troops. One of Orkény's stories: a slave laborer named Auer, a frail attorney who wore a corset, found that the long marches were restoring his health and vigor. He flourished until an officer complained: "What does he think this is, a sanitarium? Kill him." Soon, on the River Don, the Russians finished the job of killing the Hungarians. In a hopeless situation, the Italian troops pulled out; even a German general (whose brother had been in the plot to assassinate Hitler) gave the Hungarian commander a graceful opportunity to extricate his forces, and still the bonehead in charge felt that honor

could be satisfied only by the death of 150,000 Hungarians—150,000 dead for nothing, in a nation that now has a population of only 10 million! With a story like that, stagecraft is nearly irrelevant, but the acting is as dry and austere as the play requires.

The new 25th Theatre (the 25th in Hungary), brainchild of the film director Miklos Jancso, has only 100 seats, but they seem to be full every night, and they deserve to be. The show I saw there was *Utopia*, a double bill by Gyula Hernadi (Jancso's favorite scenarist). The first play, *Commune*, is set in an America as unfamiliar as that of *Imaginary Report*; the scene is a communal farm—in Tennessee, of all places—before the Civil War. The communards' program of simple-minded songs and dances is interrupted by the forces of the law, who insist upon trying a black for murder. He confesses, but only because he has been promised he will be spared; he is

hanged before he can recant. On the spot, a leader of the commune admits his guilt and kills himself. Might this be a comment upon racial prejudice and courtroom injustice in the present-day United States?

Not primarily, I think. We are being shown how hard it is to be a consistently idealistic utopian. Even in a utopian commune, a trial can be rigged, like the East European "show" trials of the 1950s—and that is the allusion that would occur first to Hungarians. The second play, *Anti-Christ*, makes a complementary point about the prevalence of irrationality: a visitor from another planet preaches a completely rational approach to human affairs, wins converts, but finds, to his distress, that he has become an object of idolatrous worship. With a few exceptions, the cast at the 25th is not up to the high level of the plays, which are swift, strong and consistently exciting. □

MUSIC / David Hamilton

Verdi's *Il Trovatore* is a much maligned work, both for what it is and for what it is not. The profligacy with which Verdi at this point in his career produced tunes—simple, direct, gutsy tunes—makes people suspicious; the absence of the psychological subtlety that glorifies his immediately preceding *Rigoletto* embarrasses them. The problem of the tunes is not so serious now (barrel organs are obsolete and Muzak has passed *Trovatore* by). As we get to know early Verdi better, we realize that he didn't develop in a straight line anyway—he wrote what was called for by his librettos, experimenting when he could to refine his style and matter. And *Trovatore* has one big thing going for it: in a really good performance, the directness, the intensity, are almost impossible to resist. Even though the situations are extravagantly improbable, the emotions are clear and compelling.

It has been some time since we've heard a really good performance in New York. Rhythm is the lifeblood of Verdi's music, and a series of limp, under-articulated readings have done scant justice to those bounding accompaniment figures, to the masterly timing of musical and dramatic events. This year, under James Levine's baton, *Trovatore* at the Metropolitan Opera certainly merits the adjective "rousing," and that is a good thing. I'm not sure but that Levine's work isn't more consistently (and insistently) rousing than even a *Trovatore* should be—the accompaniments press hard from one measure into the next,

without regard for the (not unrelated) requirements of phrasing and the singers' lungs.

The cast is strong: Martina Arroya, a Leonora of creamy tone, rock-solid musical authority and sensitivity; Plácido Domingo (Manrico), graceful and energetic as needed; Cornell MacNeil, a firm Di Luna; John Macurdy, an uncommonly solid and accurate Ferrando, clearly spelling out all the troublesome little notes in his aria. The new manage-

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ment's professed faith in American singers was justified not only by Macurdy's work but by the ringing Azucena of Mignon Dunn, a member of the company for fifteen years but only now given this major exposure. Since all these people so evidently believed in what they were doing, and did it so well, one hardly found time to resent the monotonous, grotesque Colonnello sets from 1967 (the architect of the Alhambra turned loose in Carlsbad Caverns, all in battle-ship gray). Just the one reservation remained, but now that Mr. Levine has convinced us that he can make *Trovatore* faster, livelier, more intense than ever before, perhaps he will begin to look for more light and shade as well.

Strauss's *Salome* presents different problems. As the composer's concentration flagged in the score's later pages, he reached ever more cynically for effect, particularly in the use of orchestral outbursts to propel the increasingly miscellaneous weavings of thematic material. If the work is not to become tiresome, all of this has to be scaled and paced with care, a task that Levine assumed this season for the first time. His pacing

is indeed brilliant, and he drew some strikingly good playing from the orchestra; no doubt, with experience, he will learn to gauge dynamics more subtly.

Even so, it was a compelling performance. On stage, there were inequalities. Not only did Grace Bumbry bring a basically mezzo-soprano voice to the soprano tessitura; she brought her own costumes to replace Rudolf Heinrich's (his canny black outfits, designed to conceal Birgit Nilsson's ample contours, would hardly do for the lithe Bumbry form, the display of which set some sort of house record) and her own Dance of the Seven Veils to replace Markova's (for similar reasons). Except in the latter caper (and even there with a certain caution), Miss Bumbry rarely suggested the physical abandon that should be the quintessence of Salome's *plastique*; in all dimensions she was a careful seductress.

Except for a fairly persistent tendency to address the conductor rather than their colleagues, the other principals were impressive. I particularly liked Nell Rankin's Herodias, very much the lady who keeps reminding her husband that his ancestors were camel drivers and whose attempts at a tatty above-it-all dignity in this manic court collapse into happy hysterics when Salome asks for the head of John the Baptist (Norman Mittelmann, sturdy of figure and voice). Robert Nagy (Herod) jumped up and down too much, but this part has not been so strongly sung here in years. Given the current flowing from the pit, these and a host of capable people in smaller parts made it an absorbing evening.

Across the plaza at the New York State Theatre, the City Opera offered another Strauss work, *Ariadne auf Naxos*, but the musical execution was so limp and scrappy that little pleasure was to be had. Since the company, in recovering from its strike, tried to present three new productions in four days, charity is doubtless in order, and a return visit at a later date. The other two novelties were Donizetti's *Anna Bolena*, another vehicle for the waning voice but still potent projection of Beverly Sills, and Delius' *A Village Romeo and Juliet*. The latter is a curious score, lush in orchestral textures and skillful in thematic progression, but utterly delinquent in coping with the story's weaknesses. Jobbed up by the composer's wife from a story by Gottfried Keller, the libretto deals with two young lovers, the children of farmers who have quarreled over a strip of land and ruined themselves with lawsuits. When the boy strikes the girl's father in anger, destroying the old man's sanity, the two set out for a new life; at a country fair they are upset by the staring of neighbors, and then they

primly reject the life offered by a group of vagabonds led by a sinister "dark fiddler" who once owned the fateful strip of land. Deciding (rather prematurely, it seems to me) that life cannot be borne, they push off in a barge of hay, scuttling it and themselves.

It is one thing when Wagner's Tristan and Isolde, after four hours during which their emotional imperatives are compellingly laid out in words and music, decide that death is the only solution. But here are two nice country kids, who don't look as if they have been to Bayreuth to see *Tristan*, let alone read *The World as Will and Idea*, drifting off to an aqueous *Liebested* at very slight provocation. The music might have—should have—helped out here, but the objects of its attention are mainly peripheral to this improbably speedy spiritual odyssey, most notably in the fair scene immediately preceding the denouement. To be sure, this bucolic jollity provides a much needed contrast of mood but altogether fails to suggest any core of urgency, of desperation at the center of things. On this contradiction, I fear, the opera founders, despite its considerable pastoral graces.

There has been much oohing and aahing about this production of the Delius, devised by Frank Corsaro and Ronald Chase. It's all done with films on scrims, and is sort of pretty, but the visual vocabulary is rather too close to America's most prevalent modern pastorals, those watery reflections, field and forest vistas, and billowy clouds that, on television, promote the sale of artificial potions supposed to make us "naturally" beautiful and/or healthful. To be sure, there weren't the intense hues of the color tube; despite a dark scrim to ward off the orchestra pit lights, the prevalent colors came out dull gray, brown, green. Director Corsaro, never at a loss to spell out motivations, plausible or otherwise, tried to fill the opera's motivational gap with various embroideries: the sequence where the lovers dream of being married in the town church became elaborately Freudian. But this is never enough, even when it is well founded, if the music doesn't take part—and Delius' dream music is resolutely Anglican, not Freudian. I doubt that this opera can be made to work, even when sung as well as on this occasion, with notably fine (and verbally comprehensible) work from John Stewart and Patricia Wells as the lovers, Richard T. Gill and Thomas Jamerson as their fathers, and David Holloway as the Dark Fiddler. Mario Bernardi conducted an orchestration reduced from Delius' rather grandiose original; it sounded nice, if occasionally skimpy and scrappy. □

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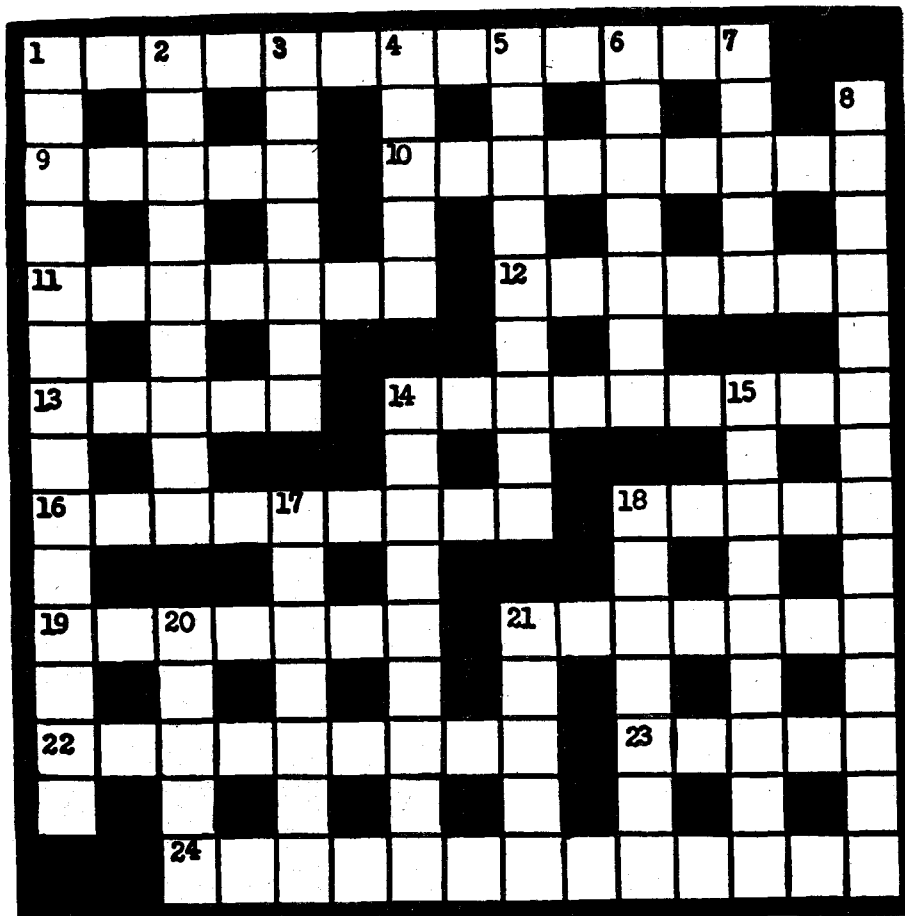
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Crossword Puzzle No. 1509

FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

- 1 Half-nods in a casual way around a number of presumably baffling actions. (7-2-4)
- 9 He's probably not an only child—or if he is, his wife can't be! (5)
- 10 La! What a state! (You'll know it shortly!) (9)
- 11 Ming, for example. (7)
- 12 Such bangers might need tuning up. (7)
- 13 The things we expect of some people! (5)
- 14 Don't yield—just get used to not eating! (5,4)
- 16 One doesn't get into the act here. (9)
- 18 Catch the Spanish with such a roll! (5)
- 19 Do away with this, when the boil has broken. (7)
- 21 They secure members in time of trouble. (7)
- 22 To tread on this, when disturbed, might be dangerous if you're not used to handling it. (9)
- 23 Containing the univalent group, but wolfram in oxygen contains it, too. (5)
- 24 Transport switch by supposedly wealthy patrons? (8,5)

DOWN

- 1 Plumbers' directors? They might be behind the speakers. (8,6)
- 2 It's odd such things don't have the same

- 3 point at heart. (9)
- 3 Puts on fat, possibly. (7)
- 4 Exact correspondence should be made to count. (5)
- 5 Make plans of no avail after trouble about oxidation. (9)
- 6 Such mad uses might be taken for granted. (7)
- 7 It might go on in front of 16. (5)
- 8 What it receives has a celestial source. (5,9)
- 14 It's past eight, and food has to be prepared! (9)
- 15 Is granite an unusual country product?
- 17 Top fishing equipment. (7)
- 18 It should provide a stable draft. (7)
- 20 It takes little work with contraction of sight. (5)
- 21 Not much enthusiasm displayed by the movement. (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1508

ACROSS: 1 Cudgelings; 6 Smug; 10 Opening; 11 Amnesty; 12 Starting points; 14 Indented; 15 Threat; 16 Exotic; 18 Unchaste; 22 William and Mary; 24 Classed; 25 Conifer; 26 Mien; 27 Plasterers. DOWN: 1 Cross-filed; 2 Die-hard; 3 Existentialism; 4 Ingenue; 5 Grasps; 7 Musette; 8 Guys; 9 On with the dance; 13 Steelyards; 17 Oxidate; 19 Nuances; 20 Snaffle; 21 Vandal; 23 Scum.

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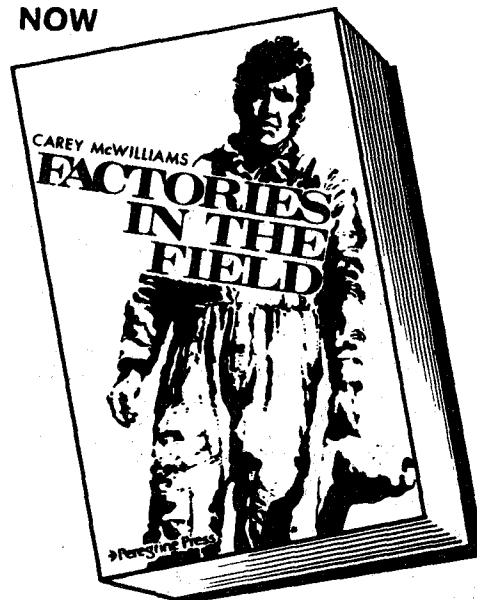
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